

IMPROVEMENT ERA



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No. 1

NOVEMBER, 1925

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCI-
ATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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SALT LAKE CITY

Sunrise on the Painted Desert

From Navajo Point, Grand Canyon, Arizona.

O'er plains afar the morning star
Fades in the early gloaming;
The somber night retakes its flight
While ever westward roaming.

The web of dawn still rests upon
The landscape's guarded treasure;
O'er scarp and mead the shades recede
In twilight's stately measure.

O'er range and plain here comes the train
Of morning vapors streaming,
Through distant haze with clouds ablaze,
Like crimson banners gleaming.

A miracle looms in the whole
Great vista of the morning,
The sun-disk gleams and in its beams
Is all the world adorning.

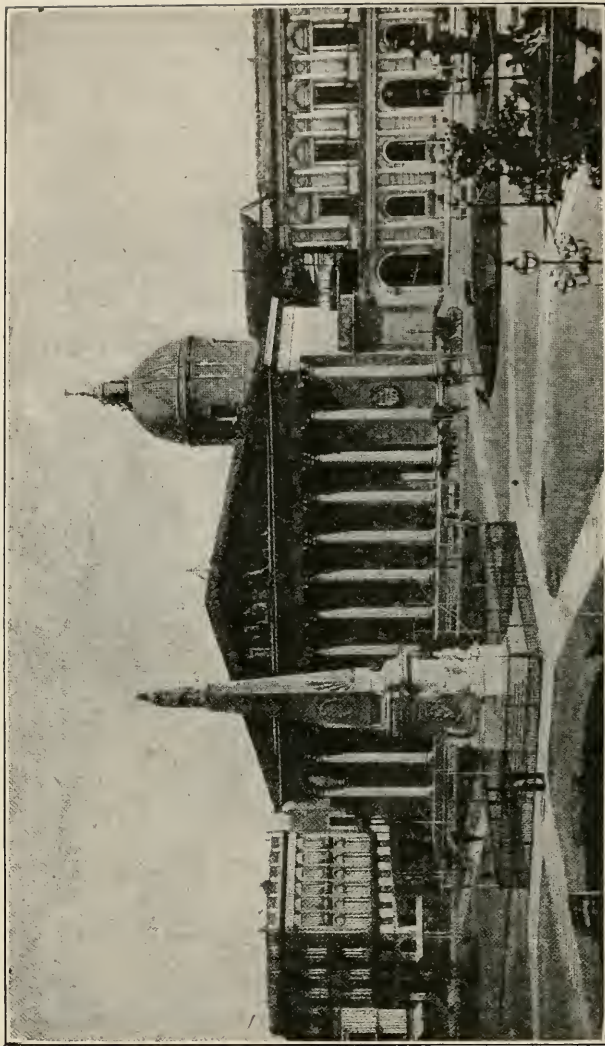
In weird forms the mesa warms
With sunlit colors blending,
And tints portrayed in sun and shade
Their glories forth are sending.

O'er desert trails, o'er hills and vales,
Descending and arising,
Each league anew presents a view
Enchanting and surprising.

And lo, behold! in flash of gold,
Through purple haze before me,
The vision clears and there appears
The Painted Desert's glory!

Albuquerque, N. M.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.



CATHEDRAL IN BUENOS AYRES, HOLDS 9000 PERSONS. BUILT IN 1752

The Capital of the Argentine Republic is situated on the La Plata River, near the Atlantic Coast, about the same distance south of the equator that Central Utah is north. It lies on a level plain about twenty feet above the sea. It was founded in 1530 by a Spaniard, Pedro de Mendoza. Since 1850, it has grown rapidly. It has a terminus of nine railways; and 460 miles of tramway lines are built, carrying about 225,000,000 passengers annually. Its population, given in 1910 as 1,265,395, approaches now the two million mark. The annual exports, consisting chiefly of meat, grain, leather and wool, was estimated, in 1910, at \$371,840,772, about one-fifth of which is said to have been shipped to Great Britain.

Elder Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve, and Elders Rulon S. Wells and Rey L. Pratt, of the first Council of Seventy, will sail from New York in the middle part of November, to establish there a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. A small colony of Saints, principally from Europe, had recently asked the Church authorities for an organization, and funds had been appropriated to aid them in building a chapel for religious worship. The brethren chosen for this work are able and competent, and under the blessings of the Lord, will faithfully represent the Church in performing the mission to which they have been appointed. The faith, confidence and prayers of the Saints for their success, accompany them.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXIX

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THE UTAH PIONEERS HAD A DEFINITE PURPOSE

BY PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS.

"And Moses said unto the people, Remember this day, in which ye came out from Egypt, out of the house of bondage. And it shall be when thy son asketh thee, in time to come, saying, What is this? thou shalt say unto him, By strength of hand the Lord brought us out from Egypt, from the house of bondage."

It was in commemoration of this event that the feast of the Pass-over was instituted by ancient Israel, and is observed until the present day. The 14th day of the month Abib was observed as a holy day, a day sacred to the ancient Israelites because of the power of the God of their fathers, which had been manifested in their behalf.

It has become a custom among the Latter-day Saints, and is becoming more and more recognized by all people who occupy this intermountain country, to observe the Twenty-fourth day of July as a holiday, a day of thanksgiving and praise to the Lord. And when the son asks his father why this day is thus observed, he answers: "It is because on this day, 1847, the 'Mormon' Pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley and laid the foundation on which a great empire was to be constructed."

My conception of a pioneer is one who goes in advance of others to remove obstacles, blaze trails, and prepare the way, that those who follow after may travel over safer, and more convenient roads.

Roads made by men thread the world. We travel over them now on bands of steel, in luxurious motor cars, or through the air. Only yesterday many of these roads were mere trails, blazed by intrepid, fearless men, through unknown forests, across trackless deserts, or over snow clad mountains. The lure of gold, the lust of conquest, the unconquerable desire of man to go into unknown fields for new discovery, the devotion of a Jesuit Priest, or Friar of the Order of San

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Francisco, to carry the Cross to the unbelieving heathen, regardless of the sacrifice involved, freedom from religious and political thralldom, are among the impulses which have moved men to depart from the beaten paths, and enter new and untried fields, whether it be in science, sociology, or the discovery and colonization of unknown parts of the earth's surface.

It is the spirit of the pioneer which prompts finite man to reach out, in his endeavor to penetrate the infinite.

The tragedy and romance of the trails blazed by the pioneers of this inter-mountain country, now so well known and understood by us, will never be told or written. It cannot be, because the men who made unrecorded history along these devious ways have long since gone to travel the unknown paths of another world, leaving little of written history behind them.

On these old trails men have perished from thirst in summer, and for want of food in winter, have been massacred by savages, have killed one another for possession of the precious fluid contained in the water holes which are scattered along the way, and murdered for the gold taken from the hills through which the trails passed. Young men and maidens have plighted their faith as they traveled over them. mothers have given birth to children, and holy men have sacrificed their lives for religion's sake. No one can tell the story, as time and fate have recorded it.

Who of these pioneers was first to enter this inter-mountain region, I do not know. Lewis and Clark had gone up the Missouri and down the Columbia, as early as 1803-1806, more than two years having been consumed in making the journey from St. Louis, Mo., to the mouth of the Columbia and return. We now make the same journey, in luxury in two days.

In 1832, Captain Bonneville and party wintered on the Salmon river, in Idaho, and in the same year Nathaniel Wythe, a member of the Bonneville party established Fort Hall.

In 1836, Marcus Whitman and Henry Spaulding crossed the continent with wagons, their wives accompanying them, the first white women, and the first wagons to make the journey, so far as we are aware. Whitman, with his wife and twelve others were later killed by the Kayuse Indians, people whom they had gone into Oregon to serve and bless. As early as 1823, Jedediah Smith, with a small party of trappers had explored the Salt Lake Basin, and gone south from that point, along the western base of the Wasatch mountains, to the Rio Virgin, which he followed down to its junction with the Rio Colorado, and crossed into the present state of Arizona. In 1830, William Wolfskill and party traveled over the same route to a point near the junction of the Rio Virgin with the Colorado, where they turned west across the desert to Las Vegas on to the Mojave and through the Cajon Pass to California.

The first effective effort made looking to the colonization and development of community life in the Rocky mountain region was by the "Mormon" Pioneers, who entered the Salt Lake Valley in July, 1847, seventy-eight years ago. It is true that others had passed over the road before, isolated forts and trading posts had been established, Father Escalante had entered the valley nearly a century before, but no one had come to stay and develop community life. The country was thought to be impossible, so far as agricultural development was concerned, having value, in the estimation of those who were familiar with it, as a fur-producing region only.

When the Utah Pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley it was a wild, inhospitable part of the great west, the hunting ground of the Ute, the Pahute and Shoshone, and when these people saw the white man come, with his covered wagon and plow, so forcefully portrayed in the re-production of Emerson Hough's great story, with his flocks and herds to eat their grass, and his civilization to frighten away the game which abounded, they naturally resented his encroachment. Eternal vigilance was the price of safety, and even then the pioneer was never safe.

Food and clothing were necessary, and these could be obtained from cultivation of the soil, and their flocks and herds, these gave them food with which to sustain their bodies, clothing with which to cover them. They became their most cherished possessions. Thus the pioneers became, like Israel of old, a pastoral people, little attention being paid to the professions, and other occupations by which men now acquire wealth.

It was in such environment, associated with men of like character, that my boyhood and early manhood was spent. I, too, became a tender of flocks and herds, first for others, later for myself, and the ideals which have governed my life were formed under these circumstances. They were men of few words, those silent riders of the hills and plains, men of unsurpassed courage, but with hearts as tender as the hearts of women, where acts of mercy were required, which was frequently the case. Not many audible prayers were said by them, but when the day's work was finished, and the blankets spread down for the night, many silent petitions went up to the Throne of Grace, in gratitude for blessings received, and prayer for others desired. One day, long after, a poet put the attitude of these men into verse, and this is what he said:

"O Lord, I've never lived where churches grow,
I love creation better as it stood
The day you finished it so long ago,
And looked upon your work and called it good.

"I know that others find you in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,
And that I, too, find you near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight, on the plains.

"I thank thee, Lord, that I am placed so well,
That thou hast made my freedom so complete,
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Or weak-eyed prisoner in a walled-up street.

"Just let me live my life as I've begun,
Give me work that's open to the sky,
Make me a pardner with the wind and sun,
And I'll not ask a place that's soft or high.

"Let me be easy on the man that's down,
Make me free and generous with all,
I'm careless, Lord, sometimes when I'm in town,
But never let them call me mean or small.

"Make me big and open, like the plains on which I ride,
Honest as the horse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rain,
Free as the hawk, which circles down the breeze.

"Forgive me, Lord, when sometimes I forget,
You know the reasons, which are hid,
You know about the things which gall and fret,
You know me better than my mother did.

"Just keep an eye on all that's said and done,
Just right me always, when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
Which stretches upward, toward the Great Divide."

Such was the character of the men who laid the foundation for the empire which is being builded in this Rocky mountain region. Not all alike, it is true; there were good and bad among them, just as there are among doctors and lawyers, merchants and manufacturers, preachers and politicians.

Let us analyze, for a moment, the character of man this prayer portrays. He was not an egotist, whose vision was confined to his own restricted environment; he knew that other men found the Lord in temples built with hands, just as he found him there in the solitude of the plains, under the stars. He was not a Pharisee, who magnified the faults of his fellow, while blind to his own imperfections, but one who, acknowledging his own weakness spread the mantle of charity over that of his neighbor. He was not a man who sought the downfall of his neighbor that he might rise to greater heights, but just a brave, plain spoken man, who asked nothing but to be left to his chosen occupation, knowing that the Lord was knocking at the door of the hearts of all men, and that if they would only keep the latch-string on the outside, as it always hung on his cabin door, the Lord would come in and bring peace to their souls.

The coming of the Utah Pioneers was not a thing of chance. They were not a body of aimless wanderers, going they knew not whither, but a company of intelligent, educated, thoroughly organized men, the peers of any of their time, going to a destination which had been carefully decided upon, for the accomplishment of a definite

purpose. That this was the case is shown by a discovery which, some time ago, I made while searching the records in the office of the historian of the Church. Upon a few sheets of manuscript, yellow with age, I found the following, which appears to be of sufficient importance and interest to be presented on this occasion.

Manuscripts on file in the office of the historian of the Church, and from which the *History of Brigham Young* is compiled, contain the following:

Feb. 26, 1847. (Winter Quarters). I spent the afternoon and evening in council with Elders H. C. Kimball, O. Pratt, E. T. Benson, W. Woodruff, Geo. A. Smith, A. Lyman, N. K. Whitney, William Clayton and J. M. Grant. Conversation ensued relative to journey westward, the construction of boats, pioneers traveling, location, seeds, irrigation science, etc.

The following day, February 27, minutes on file in the office of the Church historian, evidently original, read as follows:

Joseph Hart will tan hides. The captains of 100 pick up 12 hides and take them to Joseph Hart. B. Young has bought up 100 b. seed corn. Has 300 b. seed corn to go in Pioneer Co. I want them to pay 100 a bushel for seed corn and then they won't feed it to their cattle—get mules and wagons and get to know in one week what we have on hand now get the Pioneers fitted out. If those who go this spring have to fit out the pioneers themselves what right have those who stay to expect anything at the mountains when they come? 400 pounds per team, 300 pounds provisions, farming utensils, cooking utensils, 25 bed blankets, plows, etc., log chains 8. *We have to search for land that can be irrigated.* My company take 10 prairie and Diamond plows. Two blacksmiths with bellows and tools, carry 10 bushels coal, you want to start your plows the day after you get there. If the Pioneers take horses and mules the next company will not be in fear of Indians—take 20 plows, that Co. and 10 set drag teeth. I want you to be ready by the 15th of March. Take 5 bus. corn, and all the millet and barley and peas, beans.

2nd Co. Potatoes, Buckwheat, Fall Wheat and Rye. Leave by 15th or 20th of June. Each team 1 bus. seed corn, 1½ bus. oats, 1 bus. potatoes, 1 peck millet, 1 peck barley, ½ bus. white beans, garden seeds all kinds, pack all peas can scrape, all the flax and hemp seed. 300 provisions for three men, 400 pounds of corn or meal for team. Each horse and mule thoroughly shod with new shoes, and an extra set of nails prepared.

This record shows attention to detail rarely equalled. It proves beyond contradiction that these men had carefully considered, and without fear executed the great undertaking upon which they had embarked. The details of the journey west had been carefully worked out, and the social, industrial and scientific aspects of their purpose considered. That they knew they were going to an arid region, where irrigation would be necessary is plainly shown, and from the fact that the day before the main company entered the valley steps had already been taken to divert the waters of City Creek onto the land which was being prepared for cultivation, it is evident that the proper mode of procedure in such cases was understood.

The entire history of the movement of the "Mormon" people to the west shows that there was a master mind to conceive, and a master hand to execute. It was the mind and hand of Brigham Young, acting under the direction of the Lord, whose agent he was,

in the accomplishment of a purpose declared by the prophets thousands of years ago.

With the evolution of the past century the day of the pioneer, as it applies to our western frontier, has passed. We have no desire to recall it. Our faces are turned to the future, not to the past; we cannot, however, ignore the past, with its mighty influences, which has given to us the present, and the hope it has brought for the future. The forward looking man knows that there is pioneering yet to be done in every field of research which leads on to increased intelligence and knowledge, for, notwithstanding all our wisdom and knowledge, we are only on the threshold of that which is yet to be acquired; we cannot, however, in our hope for the future, ignore the ideals for which our fathers lived, strove and died. They taught us faith in God, and service to him and our fellowmen. They taught us loyalty to our country and its laws, they taught us by example and precept the fundamentals of honor, virtue, integrity, industry, economy. These truths remain fundamental, no matter what the future may bring. They are needed today as much as ever before; they will be needed as long as eternity may endure, they must never be forgotten, nor allowed to depart from our lives. This is the priceless heritage which our pioneer fathers have bequeathed to us.

Hope

Hope, the eternal comforter! Blessed is his solace and words of comfort to the distressed and faithless. He walks beside the spiritless and cheers them even when desolation promises to be the only reward. Hope walks with Faith and keeps him strong and cheered in his mission of force and execution.

May I walk with them both that I may ever have strength and courage to accomplish all that my Father sent me here to do.

Hope soothes when we are heartsick and disconsolate. He leads us to believe we may attain to all that we desire. He leads the explorer to the ends of the earth, and the banished towards phantom homes. He returns with memories of lost ideals and points out to us a new star of promise. If we push him aside, he returns again after many days with even a kindlier and more cheerful light.

He walks with us in the desert of desolation, and like a mirage he leads us on, and on, until the last ounce of energy is gone. When the last friend has deserted and stars are dead, Hope lifts us up and casts a beam of light across the midnight of gloom until again we see our course anew. Aye, more, he stands by the death couch while death stands at the door. And when at last, death conquers, even then Hope, with solemn mien, points beyond the grave with trembling hand and bids us believe in him.

He who would destroy Hope would blot out the light that has guided the human race across the stormy ages of war and bloodshed to brighter scenes.—*J. E. Hickman, Logan, Utah.*

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY.

The Northwestern States mission comprises practically all of the states of Oregon and Washington, parts of Idaho and Montana, and portions of British Columbia. The headquarters are at Portland, Oregon. There the Church has a handsome chapel and mission house, and in that city and throughout the mission about ninety missionaries of both sexes are performing the sacred duties assigned to them. Thriving branches of the Church are to be found in Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Bellingham, Vancouver, Spokane, Allendale, Great Falls, Cascade, Anaconda and Butte. In some places there are only Sunday School and M. I. A. organizations.

Never, before my recent visit to that part, had I been north of Portland, and from what I had heard and read had formed no adequate idea of the country that lies beyond. It is a glorious region, a choice part of a land "choice above all other lands," and I count myself fortunate in having viewed it under the most favorable conditions. I was gone from home just one month—July 3 to August 3—and from the beginning to the end of the tour, which I undertook by appointment, the weather, with the exception of a few days, was delightfully cool, scarcely a cloud flecking the blue sunlit sky. An additional feature of enjoyment was the genial companionship of an old-time friend, Elder Brigham S. Young, the capable and zealous president of the Northwestern States mission.

I reached the Rose City (Portland's charming soubriquet) on the evening of "the glorious Fourth," and next day, the Sabbath, addressed two well-attended meetings at the Madison Street chapel. Monday morning, in company with President Young, his wife and son (our efficient chauffeur), I sped out to Hood River, along the Columbia River Highway, one of the grandest driveways in the world. I have never seen anything of the kind to surpass it, on either side of the Atlantic. It extends up the south side of the Columbia River as far as "The Dalles," where Portland-bound tourists often leave the railroad and take to the boats plying between that point and the City of Roses.

In going to Hood River we covered seventy miles of the Highway, then circled Mount Hood, and returned by way of the newly-opened "Loop" to Portland. Going and coming we traversed a most picturesque region—a smooth, hard-surface road, winding in and out along the river shore or through rugged canyons, walled by precipitous cliffs or pine-clad mountains, with here and there a snow-crowned peak lifting its head heavenward, while far below yawned

almost bottomless chasms, choked with remnants of "the forest primeval." Wondrously beautiful, fearfully grand—such was the character of the scenery that we gazed upon for hours, as the vehicle in which we rode threaded its precarious way through the rocky fastnesses.

At one point in the journey an amusing incident occurred. We were stopped by a State highway officer, who politely informed us of some repairs in progress a few miles ahead. We thanked him for his courtesy, and President Young, having in mind a highwayman of another sort, remarked facetiously: "We are glad to find it is not a hold-up."

The officer glanced at me and said smilingly: "Is he sober?"

The President was—for a moment, and then laughed as heartily as the rest.

But this was not a sight-seeing junket. I was to speak in Hood River that night, and did so, our meeting being held in the Carnegie Library Hall, secured for our use by the local presiding elder. The audience that assembled to greet us was clearly discernible by the naked eye, but the hall was not crowded to suffocation. Doubtless the attendance would have been larger, but for a counter attraction presented by the Chautauqua, which regaled its patrons, upon tickets sold in advance, with a comic opera, "The Mikado," which came near proving a "Lord High Executioner" to our humble gathering.

Leaving Portland and the state of Oregon, our route now lay to the north. A number of meetings were held en route, the principal one at Olympia, the Washington state capital. Sunday, the 12th, found us in Tacoma, where the commodious chapel of the Saints was filled that evening with eager listeners, many of whom, including non-members of the Church, came forward at the close and expressed much gratification at what they had heard.

While in Tacoma we were shown the town by E. W. Wheelan, Jr., a plaster contractor and the owner and driver of a car with speeding powers that made our brief stay literally *multum in parvo*. Brother Wheelan related the following incident. He had taken a contract to plaster the new Jewish synagogue at Tacoma, and overlooking the fact that Saturday is the Jewish Sabbath, he set his men to work that day as usual. They had scarcely begun when the whole Hebrew population arose, indignantly protesting against this "defilement of their temple." Marching *en masse* to the scene of the innocent because unintentional desecration, they demanded that the work cease. Some of the workmen, not wishing to lose their time, demurred to this demand, whereupon their mortar was thrown out and they were threatened and hustled until they were glad to give way. As a lesson on Sabbath-breaking, the incident had for us all the merit and charm of novelty.

Another Tacoma episode was a chance meeting with a gentleman whom I had previously met in Salt Lake City, but who was then a

resident of Portland. In the course of our conversation he remarked: "I wish to say, that while I am a Baptist in religion, as my ancestors have been for a hundred years, I verily believe that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God." He added that the whole westward movement of the "Mormon" people was to him "a prophecy."

At Tacoma the tourist gets a fine view of snow-capped Mount Rainier—but he must not call it that until he has left town and is well on his way to Seattle. Mount Tacoma is the approved title at the former place. It gets Rainier as you go north, and woe betide the forgetful wight who then refers to it as Mount Tacoma. As it was in the days of Noah (when it got rainier still), forty days of dampness, or of decided coolness, is sure to be his portion.

A delightful boat ride up Puget Sound brought us to Seattle, a city that I had long desired to see. Throned on mountain and wave, this beautiful and rapidly growing metropolis exceeded all my anticipations concerning it. Continuing our journey by trolley and motor coach, we arrived on the evening of the 13th at Bellingham, where resides my daughter Helen, wife of J. W. Timpson, manager of the Utah-Idaho sugar factory in course of construction at that place.

It was Wednesday, the 15th, when I first set foot upon the soil of British Columbia. Our visiting party included also President Young and Manager Timpson and wife, by whose courtesy we took the trip by automobile to Vancouver. Two hours sufficed for the journey from Bellingham to the metropolis of western Canada.

In British Columbia

We arrived there about noon-day, to find the city thronged with people from adjacent towns and villages, intent upon catching a glimpse of Field Marshal Earl Haig, Britain's hero of the Great War, who was touring the Canadian provinces in the interest of a new organization of war veterans, to be known as "The British Empire Service League." The civic authorities were giving the Earl and his countess a banquet at the Hotel Vancouver, as we rode into town. We did not see them, nor did they seem to be aware of our presence. But, as the old darkey minister said, "Bressed am dey what expecks noffin," for dey shan't be disappointed." The Earl may have learned of our arrival later, for he left by special train for the east the same evening. His train, by the way, was manned entirely by ex-war veterans.

That night I spoke in the Odd Fellows Hall, to a "goodish" congregation, mostly non-members of our Church. After dismissal a middle-aged man, sandy-haired, red-faced, and of rather belligerent aspect, approached and accosted me:

"Did you intend to irritate your audience?" he inquired.

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Well, you did," was his blunt rejoinder. "We came to hear something about Mormonism, but you gave us the history of the United States."

"My friend," said I, "I gave you nothing but 'Mormonism,' but it is so big a subject that it takes in the United States and every other good thing under the sun. It includes Canada and the British Empire."

He staggered, but I had hold of him, so he did not fall. "You have drawn a wrong inference," I continued.

"Well, I hope I have," he replied. "But it struck me that you had forgotten you were in a foreign country, and that we Canadians are very sensitive on some points."

I assured him that my memory was perfect and unimpaired, especially on those points, and that it was farthest from my intent to say anything that would irritate or offend.

The cause of umbrage—the ostensible cause—was a comparison I had made between European and American forms of government, with a view to showing how "Mormonism" was able to come forth under the Constitutional guarantee of religious freedom. Probably the real cause was a recent celebration of the Fourth of July on Canadian soil, by a host of Americans who crossed over to Vancouver, taking with them the Stars and Stripes. The number of automobiles carrying this peaceful and perhaps thirsty invasion is said to have been 7,200. My florid friend virtually admitted this to be the rock of offense, in saying: "When we go to the States we honor the American flag; when they come over here they bring their flag with them."

This, I was told, is quite a reciprocal custom, Canadians frequently crossing the line for a similar purpose (Dominion Day being July 1), and that no one objects to the waving of the Canadian flag on such occasions, so long as the American flag waves beside it. As is the case in England, where any anti-"Mormon" story, however absurd, finds ready credence in the slums and among the lower classes, while the upper, more correctly informed, ignore it; so on the border line between Canada and the United States, it is the ignorant or mischievous who endeavor to keep alive senseless prejudice between the two nations, and resent every allusion to the fundamental differences between monarchical and republican institutions. My censorious interviewer was evidently of this class.

Patting him on the back, I said at parting: "I am of English descent myself, ye knaow." This "soft answer," falling upon his sore head like a benediction, seemed to "turn away wrath." for his beery face grew a shade whiter as he peacefully went his way.

Another pleasant boat ride, this time over the Strait of Georgia—named, no doubt, for one or more of England's King Georges—ended Monday afternoon with our landing at Victoria, the aristocratic capital of British Columbia. It is situated, as every schoolboy knows,

on the Island of Vancouver and is probably the most beautiful and most exclusive town in all Canada.

We had heard while at Vancouver—in fact a newspaper had published it—that the Ministerial Association at Victoria, with one Bishop Schofield prominent in the movement, were bent upon barring us from holding a meeting in the Chamber of Commerce Auditorium for which arrangements had been made by our elders laboring there. They had paid twenty-five dollars for the use of the auditorium, held a receipt for the money, and the contract, of course, was binding. It was then that a stormy protest arose against the “Mormons” contaminating with their presence the hallowed precincts of the Chamber of Commerce. Stirred up by the ministers, who remained diplomatically in the background, affecting to disfavor any attempt at “coercion,” the wives of the members of the Chamber brought such a pressure to bear upon their lords and masters that at least one-fourth of them threatened to resign—not as husbands, but as members of the Chamber—if this “oful” contract were carried into effect.

Such was the situation when we arrived, a party of six, including besides President Young and myself, two other elders and two lady missionaries—Miss Winnifred Cranney, of Ogden, and Miss Gladys Williams, of Centerville, Utah. Alighting from the boat, we were making our way up the landing stage, when we were met by the assistant secretary of the Chamber of Commerce who, after briefly stating the case, urged in a rather excited manner an immediate interview with the President of the Chamber, who indeed had requested it and sent this messenger to meet us.

President Young at once repaired to the Chamber of Commerce building, while the residue of our party, with appetites unaffected by the incident, went to lunch. The result of the interview between the two presidents was an amicable adjustment by which the President of the Chamber, who frankly acknowledged his obligation, but appealed to the consideration of the Mission President, was released from the awkward predicament in which he found himself, on condition that he would procure for us another hall. This he promptly agreed to do, and was as good as his word. He refunded the twenty-five dollars advanced for the use of the Auditorium, and obtained for us the Knights of Pythias Hall. He also had notices posted at the entrance to the Chamber, informing those who came of the change and directing them to the place of meeting. Ten dollars was paid for the K. of P. Hall, and thus was saved fifteen dollars—and the situation.

At eight p. m., a good-natured audience assembled, and gave respectful attention to President Young’s introductory talk and to my extended discourse on “The Everlasting Gospel.” Keyed up by the incidents of the day and kindled by fire from on High, I think I may say that we spoke with unusual freedom and with marked effect upon

the minds of our hearers. Never before, according to President Young, had the inhabitants of Victoria manifested so much interest in "Mormonism." Two reporters were present, and both interviewed us after the meeting was over. The papers next day published column reports—not of the doctrinal discourse, that would have incensed the ministers, who in previous issues had denounced our religion and referred to us as "idiots" and "fools" who, if "given enough rope," would "hang themselves." The reports were confined to the sensational phases of the incident, and were fair and respectful, in pleasing contrast to the Billingsgate utterances of the clergy.

As for the President of the Chamber of Commerce, he was courtesy itself, feeling grateful, no doubt, for the generous manner in which he had been treated. He invited President Young to call upon him whenever he came that way. The conservative course pursued evidently made us more friends than any rigid assertion of our rights could possibly have done.

Our engagements across the border having been filled, we set out upon our return to the land of freedom and equal rights. Taking boat at Sidney, eighteen miles from Victoria, we landed at Bellingham early in the afternoon. In the Odd Fellows Tulip Hall, at 7:30, we held forth to a splendid audience, the largest I was told, that had ever assembled at Bellingham under Latter-day Saint auspices. At least one-third of the congregation were non-"Mormons." The Sugar Company was quite numerously represented, the sweet contingent including Timpsons, Cluffs, Loves, Kimballs, Newells, and other scions of well-known Utah families.

Bellingham, so named for an English nobleman of the long ago, is called "The Little Seattle," and like that great city is "on the Sound." I do not refer to tooting automobiles, shrieking locomotives, and other noisy agencies of civilization, but to the near-by body of land-locked water, a natural harbor dotted with pine-covered, grassy islands, and all but separating the mainland from the Pacific. Thus the town has all the advantages that sea and land together can give—cool, saline, health-giving breezes, and easy access to the ocean, with none of its turbulency and none of its dangers. The parks and drives are beautiful, handsome homes abound, and the people in general are kind and hospitable. Bellingham, though its present population is but 35,000, bids fair to become one of the large Pacific cities of the future.

Seattle and Spokane

A three-hours' ride by motor car in a southeasterly direction brought us to the town of Everett, where, at noon-day of Sunday the 19th, we halted for lunch at the Hotel Monte Cristo. While in no way suggestive of that jeweled grotto in the Mediterranean where, according to Dumas, Edmund Dantes, escaped prisoner from the Chateau d' If, found the buried treasure that changed him into a Count and made the

world "his'n." it is nevertheless a good place to eat, and I like to speak of things as I find them, especially if I find them to my liking.

The Timpsons, who had brought us thus far, now returned, President Young and I proceeding on to Seattle. There, at seven p. m. the regular meeting of the Saints convened in their chapel on Eighth Avenue. The house could scarcely accommodate the large congregation. Newspaper notices and handbills had advertised our coming, and many people had driven in from other towns to swell the attendance. Fully one-fourth of those present were non-members. Introduced as usual by the President, I discoursed for an hour and twenty minutes, taking for my theme, "Joseph Smith, Prophet and Seer." It held the congregation, not one person leaving until the meeting was over. Even the children present manifested deep interest in the subject.

Our next stopping place was at Yakima, where we arrived by rail late Monday afternoon. The heat wave, hitherto absent from our experience, now hit us with full force, the torridity increasing as we went on.

Yakima is reputed a hard place for our missionaries; but they are a determined lot, not easily discouraged. Some time before our coming, the conference president, D. Crawford Houston (a young brother from Panguitch) had been called up on the telephone by a representative of the local ministerial association, who wanted to know how long he and his co-laborers proposed remaining in that part. "Indefinitely," was the laconic response, whereupon the said representative informed him that the said association would do all in its power to hurt the "Mormon" cause—as if he were announcing something strikingly new and correspondingly terrible.

The threat was carried out, a phase of its fulfilment being the publication of a number of tracts, one bearing the euphonious title, "The Serpent with a Pearl in Its Mouth," and another labeled, "The Unbroken Bubble," both aimed directly at "Mormonism."

The circulation of this lurid literature did not prevent, but rather induced the assembling of a fair-sized congregation at the Masonic Temple, to "hear what these babblers (Young and Whitney) had to say." All present paid strict attention, and the *Yakima Morning Herald* gave a fair report of the proceedings.

The next evening we were at Wenatchee, sweltering in the heat, yet grimly, heroically holding forth at the Eagles Hall, before a mixed gathering, few in number, but making up for it in genuine warmth and perspiration. Most of the men had their coats off, and following their example, I shed mine and preached for the first time in my shirt sleeves.

Spokane, for which we entrained next day, is at the extreme eastern end of the state of Washington, and is a town about the size of Salt Lake City. It is the center of the great Coeur d' Alene mining region,

which pours its wealth into this busy burg where many of the mining magnates have their homes. Spokane was named for an Indian chief. So were Seattle, Tacoma, Yakima, Wenatchee, and other towns in that section. This is about all that "Lo the poor Indian" got out of it—meaning the country that his forefathers once held in fee simple, and were simple enough to part with for a song. I never heard the song, so have no idea of what it was worth. Yes, this was all that the Indian got out of it—except himself, and he got out in a hurry before the advancing tide of civilization. The tardy use of wooden Indians for tobacco signs, and the placing of their portraits on cigar boxes, originated no doubt in a conscientious desire on the part of the white man to do justice to the wronged race!

Mining is not the only great industry thereabout. The whole Northwest is a wonderful fruit-growing region. The Washington apples are among the finest in the world. If cherries are less plentiful than in other parts, it is doubtless owing to the name of the State!

Wind-up of the Tour

At Moscow, Idaho's university town, (population 5,000) our meeting was something of a "frost," but not of the same kind that ruined Napoleon at the earlier and more famous city of that name. The University being closed for the summer, most of the students away, and many of the inhabitants absent on vacation, only a handful came out to hear us at the Idaho Theatre, the free use of which had been courteously tendered by Mr. A. H. Oversmith, a prominent lawyer of the town.

Returning to Spokane, we joined with the Elders and Saints in celebrating Utah's natal day—virtually the birthday of civilization in the Rocky Mountain region, and yet to be honored and observed as such. When the time comes, as it assuredly will, that we can name our public schools after the men and women who made the country that we inhabit, who founded the State that we all love, instead of going to New England and even to Europe for such names, we may confidently look for a full and proper appreciation of the 24th of July all over the western part of our beloved land.

The celebration at Spokane was at Manito Park. In the midst of the outdoor games and under-tree banquet, a rain came on and drove the picnickers to the shelter of the L. D. S. Church, corner of Fifth and Howard, where I addressed them on the subject of "Utah and the Pioneers." The following Sunday President Young and I both preached there. This Church was acquired from the Universalists for the sum of \$16,000, and is one of the best appointed houses of worship in Spokane.

It would make this article too long to mention every name and incident connected with that very interesting tour. Skipping over

some of the meetings held—there were about twenty-five in all—I will say that one of the best was at Butte, Montana. There, at a special conference, on the evening of Sunday, August 2, I wound up my visit to the Northwestern States mission.

The conference convened in the Odd Fellows Hall. It was my first meeting in Butte, and I was more than pleased with my reception. Most of the congregation were Latter-day Saints, but quite a number of strangers and investigators were also present. My theme was "The Restoration of the Everlasting Gospel." At the close, fully half of the congregation flocked to the stand to present their felicitations.

Monday morning found me aboard the good old Union Pacific (O. S. L.) bound for home. President Young intended visiting other parts of his mission before returning to Portland. My daily association with this friend of my youth, and the scenes and experiences we passed through during the month of July, 1925, will always be cherished as a happy memory.

The Friend I Want

I want to have for a friend the man
Who has been tempted as you, or I,
Who thirsted and yearned for a helping hand
Which the envious deny.

I want to have for a friend the man
Who has suffered, and known defeat,
Who has felt the fangs of a poisonous mouth
With never a thought of retreat.

I want to have for a friend the man
Who is wise in the ways of the world,
Who has walked alone, and never flinched
At the darts the mean have hurled.

I want to have for a friend the man
Who has fought with unwavering faith,
And lifted his eyes to the stars above
When his hopes disappeared like a wraith.

I want to have for a friend the man
Who has helped the under dog,
And given him the courage to struggle on
Past the grey, engulfing fog.

I want to have for a friend the man
Who has been tempted as you, or I,
Who fell, and arose and went valiant on,
His courage always high.

TENDENCIES IN REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT

BY HON. AMBROSE RICE, A. M., L. S. B.

[Mr. Rice was former Attorney General of the State of Rhode Island, Past President, Rhode Island Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. The address was delivered before the Society of Cincinnati in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, at the Colonial State House, Newport, Rhode Island, on the Fourth of July, 1924. It is published in the *Era* by permission of the author, and is well worthy a careful study, by every lover of our country.—Editors.]

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati:

Eleven years ago, Mr. George Washington Olney, then vice-president of this Society, extended to me a cordial invitation to attend your banquet and respond to the toast: "The State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations."

It was with the greatest regret that I was unable to attend on that occasion, for I have long entertained the highest regard for your ancient institution and for the worthy men that have composed this particular state society. When recently, therefore, your esteemed President, Bishop Perry, did me the honor to invite me to come here today and take part in these exercises, I was perhaps too ready to accept and too venturesome in undertaking to prepare an address in the limited time at my disposal.

These meetings, held annually on Independence Day, naturally partake of that jubilation of spirit which has always attended the contemplation of those heroic events which led to the birth of this great nation. When the republic was in its infancy and men were hesitant and unaccustomed to our dual allegiance to state and federal authority; when the great principles of the Constitution, as interpreted by John Marshall, were still unrecognized as definite guides; when sectional controversies over the extension of slavery and state right issues threatened national disaster and dissolution, there was doubtless need of those exhortations to loyalty and fidelity to the national government that so frequently characterized the celebration of this anniversary. So, too, that Fourth of July oration which did not display all the arts of oratory in voice and in gesture, and which was not embellished with bombastic figures of speech and flights of fanciful metaphor, was a poor effort indeed. Such addresses perhaps served their purpose in former days and inspired men with a larger vision of their country's destiny that was so essential to national solidarity. But today when there is no question as to our unity as a people, we should be more concerned with those influences and tendencies in our public life that may in any way weaken the stability or threaten the perpetuity of the principles upon which the republic was founded. It may not

be amiss on an occasion of this kind therefore to speak briefly of some phases of our national development.

Let me say here that no portion of our citizenry should understand our problems today better than the members of those patriotic societies whose requirements for eligibility rest upon an ancestry of the Revolutionary period. Their forefathers established this republic. Its fundamental principles were largely the outgrowth of one hundred and fifty years of experience in working out self-government in the colonies. It is unfortunate that so many have gathered the impression that the Constitution of the United States was an innovation and an experiment in government, and that its principles were enunciated *de novo* by its framers. Gladstone's oft-repeated characterization of that instrument, as the greatest document ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man, has given wide currency to that view, but, in reality, there is hardly a political precept in that great charter of liberty that had not been in actual practice in one or more of the colonies prior to its incorporation into the Constitution. The framework of the government was somewhat novel, but the fundamental laws established drew their strength and vigor not only from the experiences of our forebears during the colonial period, but from the ancient common law of England. It was their heritage as Englishmen that the heroes of the Revolution preserved, and it is this heritage that they handed down to us in and by and through the Constitution of the United States. You, therefore, who take a pride in an ancestry that staked their lives and their property in safeguarding the rights of freemen, should be most vigilant that the principles upon which these rights rest are neither belittled nor undermined.

The conception of the framers of the Constitution was to establish a republic, not a monarchy, not an oligarchy, not a democracy. It was to be a republic in which the people were sovereign, indeed, in establishing the form of government, but a republic in which the people did not exercise the powers of government directly, but indirectly through their representatives. The processes of government were to be conducted by representation. The Constitution guarantees a republican form of government to each of the states. The theory was based upon the proposition that the people would select their ablest men to represent them in their legislative assemblies, and that these representatives, by their character and ability would command the confidence of the people, and would make such appointments and enact such legislation as would be for the benefit of all. This theory was universally accepted and practiced during the Revolutionary period and for several decades thereafter. It appeared sound and practical. The very ablest men in the country were members of the Continental Congresses and of the Convention which framed the Constitution at Philadelphia. In the earlier congresses also, the states sent their foremost citizens to transact the business of the republic. The Senate was then indeed an august and learned body, and the debates were

conducted with dignity and rare ability. Gradually representative government has deteriorated in this country, and this has been largely due to the failure on the part of the people to discriminate in the selection of their representatives, and on the other hand, to the disinclination of those best qualified to enter public service. The result has been an unquestioned lowering of public standards, and a general resort of inferior men to seek office by demagogic appeals to the less intelligent of the electorate. There has followed, as a natural sequence, much criticism of and dissatisfaction with those who are selected by the people to exercise the powers of government. On the other hand, the incompetent and sensitive office holder has ever been ready to shift his responsibilities back to the electorate under the guise of conferring a favor upon them. This tendency to transfer the decision of important political questions and politics to the general mass of electors is working a corruption of the principles which the framers of the Constitution had in mind in establishing a Republic.

The theory of representative government assumed the rule of those who were most intelligent and best informed, and who were fitted mentally for the tasks of government. Such men would know the history of the past. They would best know how to construct for the future. In acting in a representative capacity they would assume the weighty responsibility of office, as a public trust, if you please, and upon them would rest the burden of judgment and decision. The rise of party government in the beginning of the last century brought about the first evasion of representative responsibility. The Constitution provided that the presidential electors, selected in the several states, should meet and vote by ballot for a President and a Vice-president of the United States. The purpose was clear that the choice of the Executive should be the result of the deliberations of this selected body of presidential electors. The exigencies of politics and the necessity for party control set at naught this judicious provision of the Constitution, and now for many decades it has been the people themselves in the several states that have impressed their choice upon the electors. This has been brought about by no change in the law. Repeated practice has established the precedent. A further development of this same tendency is embodied in the frequently proposed amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of the Chief Executive of the nation by the direct popular vote of all the people of the United States, with state lines ignored and presidential electors abolished.

The same trend is observed in reference to the election of Senators of the United States. For more than a hundred years they were chosen by the legislatures of the several states—that is, by the representatives of the people. But by the Seventeenth Amendment, a Senator of the United States is no longer chosen by the legislature, but is elected by the direct vote of the people of each state. Thus again, that judgment and deliberation which should be exercised in

such an important selection is transferred from those who are presumed to be more intelligent and informed, to the great mass of the general electors of a state.

This drift from responsible representative government to popular appeal is also observed in recent state constitutions. It was the usual practice originally for the numerous state officers to be chosen either by the executive or legislative branch of government, as representatives of the people, but now the election of such officers is made directly by the people. The most important of these state positions are those of the judges of courts. In many of the states the judges of the highest tribunals are elected directly by the people, and not for life or during good behavior, but for a longer or shorter term of years. A judge upon the bench naturally desires to continue in such service, and however upright he may be, there will always exist, unconsciously perhaps, a human weakness to cater to the popular view in the administration of the law. Some of the ablest and soundest decisions of both the federal and state courts in highly important controversies have been at first received by the public with the greatest disapprobation. A judge in determining issues between litigants without fear or favor should be entirely free from every suspicion that he is courting popularity with the object of his own re-election in view. The judiciary should be entirely severed from political controversy and contention, and judges should be chosen by those best informed as to their character, natural ability and professional attainments.

Perhaps the greatest inroad upon representative government has been made in many of the middle and western states in the adoption of those faddish doctrines of the initiative and referendum. By these doctrines the people themselves directly initiate legislation and put their seal of approval or disapproval upon enacted statutes. These doctrines are direct negations of responsible representative government, and if they are carried to their logical conclusions would constitute a democracy in a state government where the federal Constitution guarantees a republican form of government. The purpose, no doubt, is to insure better legislative enactments, but that purpose should be accomplished by the election of intelligent and informed representatives, mentally qualified to perform properly the duties of their office. The initiative and referendum are manifestations of a spirit to reduce all government to the rule of the masses. They are inconsistent with and subversive of republican principles, and I am glad to say, that they are less frequently resorted to and seem to be in less favor in those states where their adoption was regarded as a cure-all for every political ill.

This tendency to appeal directly to the popular vote is further illustrated by a proposition recently put forward in the platform of one of our political parties, "to take the sense of the American people at a referendum election, advisory to the government, to be held officially under Act of Congress." The question to be sub

mitted is: "Shall the United States become a member of the League of Nations upon such reservations or amendments to the covenant of the League as the President and the Senate of the United States may agree upon?"

The President and the Senate of the United States are constitutionally empowered to determine that very question, and they can neither shirk their duty nor their responsibility of determining whether we shall become a member of the League, and if so, upon what reservations and amendments. This illustration is not given as involving the merits of a controversy upon which men may well differ and have differed with conviction ever since the world war. The point is that this is a proposal for a national plebiscite under federal control. If it is to be taken seriously and as not put forward for purely partisan purposes, the proposition is certainly amazing.

The American people in their entirety are not a body politic. They can only act in their several states and through their representatives in both state and federal government. There is no authority in Congress to set up the machinery for such a referendum election, and if such machinery were set up and such an election held, any decision which the American people might make would not be binding upon the President and the Senate of the United States. The conception of seeking guidance and direction from public opinion, as expressed by the American electorate, is novel in American politics. To what lengths will responsible statesmen go to advance partisan interests among those who neither understand nor comprehend unconstitutional? There is a certain element of flattery in submitting such questions to the direct vote of the people in the implied assumption that they, the people, are better qualified to pass upon such questions than their representatives, the President and the Senate of the United States. While this plank of a party platform, in my opinion, means nothing and can never be put into effect, the danger lies in its unquestioned advocacy of mass democracy.

No doubt, the incompetency and the inefficiency of our office holders have led many to think that they could get better government by substituting mass opinion for the judgment and discretion of chosen officials. The remedy for incompetency and inefficiency in office is, of course, a change in the holder of the office, but incompetency and inefficiency may become entrenched, and in desperation an effort is made to lessen the power of the office holder and to increase the power of the voters, by permitting the latter to act directly, where before they acted indirectly by representation. When we consider the quality of our electorate, we will better comprehend the danger of this tendency to undermine republican principles. Who are our electorate? We must realize that we have pronounced racial complexities in our population. For decades our gates were thrown open for the entrance of immigrants, with very slight restrictions. Our country seemed large enough to accomodate all that desired to

come, and there were always those in the manufacturing centers who desired to obtain the benefits of cheap labor. It has been only recently that Congress has properly enacted immigration laws that bring wholesome restrictions and limitations. These laws were made necessary by the increasing numbers from Europe who sought to escape the burdens of the European war. But the percentage of our foreign born was already large. Hundreds of thousands of these immigrants neither speak nor read nor write the English language.

The National Education Association, meeting recently at Washington, reported that there were nearly five million acknowledged illiterates in the United States, and that its officials were convinced that there were more than double this number who either were overlooked in census taking or who concealed their illiteracy. The report also emphasizes the fact that more than three million of the acknowledged illiterates were native born. There are enough illiterate voters in this country, if they acted in concert in pivotal districts and states, to determine the political complexion of Congress, or to decide a presidential election.

While illiteracy is widespread among the foreign born and among the native born in some sections of the country, there is another special danger which arises from radical segregation. In every large American city there are communities where only a foreign tongue is spoken. Washington cautioned against permitting immigrants settling in this country in a body, for "by so doing," he said, "they retain the language, habits and principles which they bring with them. Whereas, by an intermixture with our own people, they or their descendants get assimilated to our customs, measures and laws; in a word, they soon become our people."

Jefferson was of the same opinion. He wrote in 1817: "As to other (than English) foreigners, it is thought better to discourage their settling together in large masses wherein, as in our German settlements, they preserve for a long time their own language, habits and principles of government, and that they should distribute themselves sparsely among the natives for quicker amalgamation. English emigrants are without this inconvenience. They differ from us little but in their principles of government, and most of those who come here are sufficiently disposed to adopt ours."

No nation can become a great nation unless in the main it is homogeneous and all its people are conversant with one language and are inspired with an attachment and devotion to its institutions. How dangerous race consciousness is to our political structure may be illustrated by the fact that President Wilson alienated the vote of those of Italian descent in the important presidential election of 1920 by his attitude on a purely foreign question, the allotment of Fiume under the treaty of Versailles.

Our naturalization laws are too liberal. The filing of a declaration of intent, the lapse of five years, and the answering of a few

of the simplest questions will enable one foreign born to become an American citizen. That citizenship, which should be so highly prized, is frequently lightly regarded because of the readiness with which it is obtained. Last week seventy-five foreign born who had thus been admitted to citizenship in the Federal court at Providence were immediately conducted in a body by the sheriff to the office of registration at the City Hall, where, by merely giving their names and addresses and establishing their residence in this state for two years and in the city of Providence for six months, they became electors of this state, each with a vote equal to that of either of you.

Washington said, "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion it should be enlightened." If the tendency is to persist to resort more and more to an appeal to popular vote, it becomes the more essential that our electors, to whose judgment and discretion this appeal is made, should be men of education and understanding. They should at least read and write and speak the English language, and be able to follow the discussion of public affairs in the public press, and they should further possess at least that degree of information and learning which we require under the law for every child in the public schools. One cannot criticise a man of foreign birth for acquiring as easily as possible all the rights and privileges of American citizenship and of an American voter, but the blame is heavily upon us who permit the admission to the electorate of those who are not intellectually qualified. The State of Rhode Island and every other state, should have in its Constitution an educational test for prospective electors.

During the last ten years, four amendments have been adopted to the Constitution of the United States, and a fifth has been submitted by Congress to the legislatures of the state. This frequency of amendment is disturbing enough, but the nature of the amendments—I am speaking now of the nature of the power which these amendments involve—has brought about a constitutional revolution with respect to the relation of the federal to the state governments. Apart from the Civil War amendments which were hammered into the Constitution by the force of arms, more than a hundred years elapsed, from 1804 to 1913, without a change in our federal charter.

During all that time there was supposedly a clear and fixed line of demarcation between the powers specifically conferred upon the national government by the Constitution and the rights and powers reserved by the several foreign states. Judges, statesmen and historians commented with pride upon the perfect adjustment between federal and state authority. To the national government had been conferred powers having to do with the general welfare of all the states. On the other hand, the states had reserved the control of their own local affairs. The chief among the powers reserved by the states in local self government was that known as the "police power," which is a generic term applied generally to those laws relating to the conduct of the

individual. For more than a century the Supreme Court of the United States had repeatedly asserted that the federal government had no police power conferred upon it by the Constitution. The last few amendments, however, or at least some of them, have distinctly conferred police powers upon the federal government. The amendments that have worked this change have not been strictly amendments to the Constitution, in the sense of amending or curing a fault in any portion of the Constitution, but have been new grants of additional powers to the federal government. This was true in reference to both the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Amendments, and is also true with reference to the proposed Twentieth Amendment, for the regulation of child labor. It now seems to be taken for granted that whatever transference of power to the federal government, the legislatures of three-fourths of the states may consent to, will be deemed by the Supreme Court of the United States as a constitutional transference. In other words the long established line of demarcation between the state and federal authority, which was so zealously guarded by the states up to our own day, now no longer exists, and our Constitution by the amending process is now subject to any change which the legislatures of three-fourths of the states may approve.

The legislature of Rhode Island protested vigorously against the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment because it regarded that amendment as depriving the state of a portion of its reserved rights. The present legislature, however, is so little concerned with reference to maintaining the reserve rights of the state that a member of each branch of our legislature introduced a resolution to adopt the Twentieth Amendment, even before the official copy of that proposed amendment had been forwarded from the Secretary of State at Washington to our own Secretary of State in Rhode Island. The cry of "reserved rights" in recent years seems to be raised only when self-interest or political advantage is involved. Expediency, I fear, and not principle, controls. Constitutional law has been reshaped in the last decade. We must now accept the view that the line of separation between federal and state authority is from time to time such as may be established by Congress and the legislatures of three-fourths of the states.

The history of the proposed Twentieth Amendment reveals the continual readiness of Congress to exceed its constitutional powers, and the wholesome restraints upon Congress by the Supreme Court of the United States. At first, with a purpose which was no doubt laudable, Congress enacted a statute prohibiting the shipment in interstate commerce of the production of industrial units in which child labor had been employed. This statute would have discouraged child labor in certain southern states where due protection had not been given to women and children in industries. The Supreme Court held the act unconstitutional, because it was an effort to exercise the police power of the states rather than a regulation of interstate commerce. Congress thereupon, under its taxing power, imposed an annual ten percent tax

on the net profits derived from the sale of products of industrial units in which children under certain ages had been employed during specified hours. The Supreme Court also held this act unconstitutional, because the act, while on its face purporting to be a taxing act, was in reality an attempt to exercise the police powers belonging solely to the states.

Congress, thus twice defeated in its efforts to enter a field not authorized by the Constitution, then proposed an amendment to the Constitution, giving it the right to regulate child labor. This was a proper course, for it is always better to change the Constitution than to violate it. The proposed amendment, of course, is a further transfer of the police power of the states to the federal government. No one can object to the protection of the health of women and children in industries, and this protection is now given by statute law in most of the northern states. The northern states in general are gaining nothing by the amendment, but by it they are afforded an opportunity to impress their will upon the industrial states of the south. The real question is whether the people of a state should not be educated to the modern conception of regulating the hours of labor and left to work out their own proper local self-government, or whether we shall continue, by repeated amendments to the Constitution, gradually to strip the states of their reserved rights, and confer more and more police powers upon the federal government, all for the purpose of bringing a few backward states into line in adopting modern policies.

With all these changes in our fundamental law there go with them resulting developments that are far-reaching. With additional powers the federal government is obliged to establish new bureaus and departments, and thousands upon thousands of new employees are listed on the federal payroll. These federal employees are not confined to Washington, but operate in every part of the country. The federal government also, under its original powers, is multiplying departments so rapidly, that it is now claimed that there is one official, either federal, state, or municipal, to every twenty persons in the United States. The expense of all this administrative system, if this tendency progresses, will put a burden upon the people which will become more and more intolerable.

The good which these numerous departments actually accomplish is not always manifest. Self-restraint is unquestionably one of the greatest public virtues, but overrestriction of personal liberty, bureaucracy and excessive taxation may be carried to an extent where public resentment may well ensue. Many of these federal boards have authority to promulgate regulations with reference to the matters under their control, and in this way there has grown up a large body of administrative law wholly without the field of regular legislative action. A good illustration is the continually changing interpretations and orders in reference to federal income and inheritance taxation. It is a sad commentary upon our tax system that the average man cannot comprehend

the laws of his country in respect to his own tax returns, and must resort to professional advice for the computation of his tax. Our laws, both state and federal, are too numerous and too complex, and bring unnecessary confusion and expense in the administration of them.

In spite of all our many political and governmental ills, the fundamental rights of the individual under our written Constitution are better protected and safeguarded in this country than in any other civilization in the world. The rise of a communistic state in Russia has poisoned the politics of Europe. Its propaganda is widespread and has even reached our own shores. It assails civilization at its best everywhere. There may be thousands in our country classed as communists or as espousers of certain forms of socialism, but their numbers are much less than in England, France or Germany. It is unnecessary to discuss in this assemblage the ill-conceived theories which would, among other things, nationalize wealth and kill every incentive to honorable effort to personal achievement. Reference, however, to a single political episode may be of interest.

In England the Labor Party, at the last parliamentary election, advocated nationalization of property, and when their leader, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, was by a tri-party arrangement made Premier, there was much concern that he would endeavor to carry out this particular demand of his party. The danger was real, and was well expressed by Lord Birkenhead at the time Mr. MacDonald took office. "The British constitution," he said, "has so developed as to give little formal protection against the spoliation of property. Its makers proceed on the principle that the conception of property would always, at all times, with all parties, be sacred to Parliament. Admitting this, there were manifest political advantages in giving the House of Commons almost absolute powers over finance as a means of promoting the popular control of the executive. All this is altered. A definite challenge, which cannot be disregarded, has been issued to the very existence of property. The largest group in the House, notoriously aiming at government, has supported its destruction, as such, in a formal motion in the House of Commons, and since a Socialist government is in office. Yet we are absolutely without the safeguards against hasty action in a matter of vital importance to Britain, which the more rigid type of written Constitution affords the citizens of the United States. Our more flexible instrument might permit what was in effect a social revolution, like the Reformation or the putting down of England to grass and pasturage by a simple majority, or even an actual minority of the people in a single session. Private property could practically be wiped out in a finance bill, if a tax of one hundred percent on such property were certified as a purely financial measure. Yet this resolution would be purely 'constitutional'."

The fears of Lord Birkenhead were in no way realized, for Premier MacDonald not only sobered under the responsibilities of

office, but resisted the importunities of his followers to sponsor a revolutionary program. It is true that his tenure of office is dependent upon the acquiescence of the Conservative and Liberal parties, but still his own good sense has steered his course wholly consistent with the best English precedents.

In the United States our system of checks and balances precludes such hasty action as may be taken under England's unwritten Constitution. But there are other ways in which our national security may become endangered. One of the most threatening at the present time is our failure to adhere strictly to a representative form of government, and our tendency to adopt forms of a democracy in the determination of important issues. The electorate, as a whole, are honest and well-intending, but frequently the uninformed and the misinformed outnumber those who are intelligent and capable of forming just opinions. Our hope is in the education of the people, especially the electorate, to teach them the wiles of the demagogue, and the deceptions of a venal press, conducted for personal and partisan advantage. There is urgent need everywhere for the requirement of educational qualifications for prospective electors. Representative government can only be successful in so far as the electorate is intelligent. With an intelligent electorate the appeals of the demagogue will fall on deaf ears.

The Pathway

A long path led over hill and dale
Through barren desert, and fertile vale;
Through sand and stones some portions wound,
And some o'er soft and mellow ground.

Some over tufted, verdant grass,
And over a babbling brooklet pass;
Thorns and brambles along it grew,
And flowers of beauty and fragrance, too.

There met, one day, near the pathway's end,
A handsome youth and his aged friend;
And as they sat in the twilight dim
Each told how the trail appeared to him.

First spoke the man with the snow-crowned head,
And these were the words he slowly said—
"The way was so long, and in places, steep,
And the sand so hot to my aching feet!

"The stones were so sharp that I stumbled o'er,
And brambles and thorns my raiment tore.
The days were hot and the nights were cold,
And their horrors cannot be retold.

"So weary, worn and spent am I
That beneath this shade content I lie;
No gold would induce me to pass again
O'er the path where I endured such pain."

- Then said the boy—with head held high,
And the twinkle of mirth in his clear, bright eye;
"I did not notice the day was long,
Beguiled was I by the bird's sweet song,
"And when I came to the steep incline,
A thrill of eagerness was mine,
For new visions that I might gain,
Far above the level plain.
"And as I gazed from the lofty height
My heart was full of sheer delight,
And I saw how by effort man might rise
To a clearer view of heavenly skies.
"The rocks were stepping-stones to me
O'er which I bounded light and free.
On the grassy mounds I idly lay,
And watched the insect world at play.
"I laved my feet in the sun-kissed sands
And thought of Arabia's desert lands,
With its legends, loves and old romance,
Where the Gypsies round the campfires dance.
"For a moment I was a bandit bold,
Holding my prisoners for ransom gold,
Then I thrilled with the thought that with freedom and health
I was richer than bandit king with his wealth.
"To me the night was a holy time,
For I felt my nearness to the sublime.
And as I lay 'neath the moon's soft gleam
I dreamed a wonderful, beautiful dream—
"I saw myself as a conqueror bold,
But not as the kings and knights of old,
Not as one who fights for pelf,
But one who is Master of himself.
"Then morning came, and the rising sun
Turned dew drops to diamonds, one by one;
And the beautiful flowers, so rich and rare,
Shed forth a perfume beyond compare.
"And even the brambles and the thorns
Bespoke to me of Easter Morns—
When the Master triumphed o'er the grave,
And assurance of life eternal gave.
"The crown of thorns he meekly wore
Was replaced by the haloed light he bore.
As he triumphed over death and sin,
So can I a mighty victory win.
"And these were the thoughts that shortened the way,
Made the journey a pleasure, night and day,
Mere gold could not induce me to part
With the good resolves that filled my heart.
"The way is clear, my path is plain
If I the lofty heights would gain;
I see life as it is, and I must not fail—
And these were the lessons I learned on the Trail."

CELESTE'S ACRE

BY AGNES JUST REID.

Celeste Petersen was home for one of those rare week-ends with the folks on the farm. Celeste worked in a drug store in town, which meant that even her Sundays were usually working days, and the trips to the old home became less and less frequent. The younger children were growing away from her, she was beginning to lose the influence she had once had with them. She could not even tell Brownie's colt from Babe's, and the children found such ignorance hard to forgive.

The children regarded this drifting away from home with contempt, but John Petersen, the father, regarded it with alarm. "Celeste," he said that morning when they were all at the breakfast table, "I wish you'd come back and live with us this summer, home ain't ever quite the same with you away."

"I'd like to, Dad, I get mighty lonesome for you all, but a girl never does feel satisfied at home after she has earned her own money."

"Yes, I've heard girls say that, Sis, but I'd like to figure with you a little on this money of yours. How much do you earn in a year?"

"Why, let's see, I make twelve dollars a week. Twelve times fifty-two is how much, Pete, I never was quick at figures?"

Pete answered glibly, "Six hundred and twenty-four dollars," as he helped himself to another spoonful of sugar for his oatmeal.

"Now, how much of that is yours, Celeste?"

"It's all mine, of course."

"You mean it is all yours after your board and room are paid for, your laundry, your car fare, etc. Get a pencil, Celeste, let's figure this out carefully." Celeste seldom ate breakfast, so she was glad enough to figure while the rest were busy with their oatmeal and fried eggs.

After a few minutes she said: "Well, after all those things are paid for I have one hundred seventy-two dollars left for clothes, and who ever heard of a woman on the farm having that much of her own each year? Mother doesn't spend the half of it."

"I believe you are right, Celeste, but have you ever felt ashamed of your Mother's clothes when she goes to town to see you?"

"Well, no," Celeste dragged out, "I never have. Her suit costs a lot more than I could afford to pay for one."

"What about other things, shoes and stockings, for instance? How does the cost of yours compare with the cost of Mother's?"

"It does not compare very well. I sometimes pay as high as fifteen dollars for a pair of shoes, and they are gone in no time on

the pavements, and my stockings never cost less than two dollars a month."

At this point Mother was drawn into the discussion, and she thought perhaps her best hose cost about two dollars a year.

"Now Celeste, said her Father, with a note of seriousness in his voice, I want you to come back to the land. Try it for one year and if you are not satisfied and want to go back to the drug store, I feel sure you will be able to get your job back. I have a plan. I want you to take that acre of rich loam in the south field where the sheep were when we came home last night, and put it into sugar beets. You can have all you raise, which should be over a hundred dollars, then I'll give you twenty-five dollars prize money besides that, just as the beet company does with the boys. Your board will not cost you anything, you can help Mother in the house when you are not busy with your crop and we'll be a real family again."

"Oh, Daddy, you know how I detest dish washing, and that is what house work means."

"No, daughter, I had no idea you disliked washing dishes. Why, I've seen you polishing glasses at ten and eleven o'clock Saturday nights and you seemed cheerful enough. We always have the dishes done long before that, here at home."

"And there are my friends there, now. I'd be lost here on the farm without the old bunch."

"There are some pretty fine boys and girls living around these parts, but if you hanker for that particular bunch, take the car and bring 'em out. There is always plenty to eat for a dozen or two more, and it don't cost two dollars per plate either. I'd like to see you get acquainted with the neighbor's boys and girls whom you used to play with. Their grandfathers walked across the plains same as yours did to find this land and make it yield for you youngsters; now, after all that effort, you young folks get a notion you must walk away and leave it so you can earn money. I tell you, Celeste, here is where the money all comes from. Who'll fill the show cases of that meek-eyed druggist's store with chocolate creams if some of us don't raise sugar beets?"

"I never thought of that, but I'll try, Daddy, just because you want me to."

"A week later Celeste told her near friends a tearful good-bye, and returned to that life of drudgery that so many young people try to escape.

At the end of the first month, though, she was surprised to find herself happy. Her beets were in, and the gentle spring rains gave promise of bringing them up in record time. Across the fence from where she worked she often caught glimpses of Jack Hildebrand. She liked the way he handled four horses, the graceful, easy swing of his shovel, the gayness of his whistle. At a neighborhood party she

found he danced as well as the salesman in Brown's shoe shop with whom she had one time fancied herself quite in love. Besides dancing, he knew things. While he had been growing bronzed in the sun and wind he had been learning from the book of life. His mind was as different from the men to whom she had been accustomed, as his brown calloused hands were from their slender white ones. Somehow he seemed more like her father was and the kind of a man she hoped her brothers would be.

When the beets were dug, Celeste's check was a big one, and she went right straight to town and spent it for the most frivolous things she had ever possessed.

That evening Jack Hildebrand dropped in, as he had a way of doing, and Celeste showed him all her new clothes and he seemed so interested. He managed to get a word with father Petersen alone, and Celeste came to the door in time to hear him say: "I am sorry, Jack, but Celeste hates house work, especially dish washing."

Celeste blushed sweetly and said: "Oh, never mind, Daddy, that has all been arranged. Jack is to help with the dish washing all the year round, if I will help thin the beets."

"Fine," said father Petersen, a little huskily, "and since that acre down in the south field joins yours, Jack, suppose you use it for a building spot. It will be so close, it won't quite seem like you have taken Celeste right away from us."

Shelley, R. 2, Idaho.

She Was Beautiful and More

She was not so beautiful of form, or feature, it is true,
If from an artist's vision, or a sculptor's eye, you view.
Her tresses were not silky, like the author writes about,
The shining, golden curls, that the breezes blow about.

Her eyes were not the violet ones, the dreamy blue or brown,
Her form not straight and graceful, or her name of great renown,
Her dress was not quite up-to-date, the latest styles unknown;
Hers—not the path of leisure, but the one where duty's known.

Just to meet her was to love her, just to be with her a joy;
She was kind to all the friendless, to the wayward girl or boy,
And her face, though plain of feature, wore a look almost divine,
For the love she bore to all the world, made her countenance to shine.

And her smile would cheer the saddest, soothe the heart so crushed and sore,
And to those who really knew her, she was beautiful and more.

Mesa, Arizona

MRS. IDA R. ALLDREDGE

RELIGIOUS VALUE OF THE NATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL

BY ASA J. MERRILL.

On June 13, 1925, I returned to my home after having filled a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Southern States. On June 15, 1925, I registered to attend school at the National Summer School which was being held at Logan, Utah. Naturally, one of the things that I would be interested in would be the religious value of attending the school.

The School was all that I hoped that it would be, with respect to the class room instructions, and in a religious way it was a revelation. My knowledge of the gospel was enlarged and my testimony of the truth of this great latter-day work was made broader and stronger. I firmly believe that if I went back to the mission field now, I could be a much better missionary for having attended the National Summer School.

The Utah Agricultural College was very fortunate in securing the high type of men, that it secured as instructors. Almost without exception they were nationally recognized in their line and they were men who had a firm faith in God.

Although, with the exception of Dr. John A. Widtsoe, these men were not members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, yet perhaps this was one reason why I gained so much in a religious way from mingling with them. An oft repeated adage will perhaps best illustrate what I mean. "If you have a dollar and I have a dollar, and we exchange we will each have a dollar; but if you have an idea and I have an idea, and we exchange we will each have two ideas."

The Prophet Joseph Smith once said that one of the most important distinctions between the Latter-day Saints and the rest of the religious world was that we were willing to accept all truth, no matter from whence it came. One truth does not conflict with any other truth. When religion and science disagree it merely means that one of them does not have the truth. Our duty is to decide which one has the truth.

These men believe this to be a good and true statement. I can best prove this by citing the reader to a statement or so made by members of the visiting faculty. Dr. Charles A. Ellwood, Professor of Sociology of the University of Missouri, said that his attitude and also the scientific attitude was, "The open-minded love of the truth." To the "Mormon" people he paid his respect because of their industry, their integrity, and their devotion to the basic institution of our civilization—the family.

Dr. Milton J. Rosenau, Professor of Public Health at Harvard, and inter-nationally recognized as a Public Health authority, said, "I marvel at the advancement the Utah people have made in solving community problems. They are solved better here than in any place that I have ever been."

Dr. Garnett G. Sedgwick, Professor of English at the University of Vancouver, echoed in his own words the thought expressed by Dr. Rosenau, in a talk that he gave to the members of the *Student Life* staff.

Many other cases might be cited, but these will be enough to illustrate the opinion of all. These men, while not greatly interested in "Mormon" theology, showed a willingness to accept "Mormonism" as a good functioning religion because they can see that the fruits are good and the Master of all said that that was the divine test.

The Latter-day Saints believe that we are living in the era just before the second coming of Christ. The scriptures say that certain signs will be given just before he comes, as a warning to the people. They say that strife and contention will increase, crime will become rampant, immorality will become as prevalent as it was in the days of Noah, and mothers will even turn and hate their children. Although as yet we have not reached that condition, Professor Ellwood, in his course in General Sociology, clearly showed that crime was increasing, that the divorce rate was increasing, that the homicide rate was increasing, and that unrest and strife is everywhere present. The class in sociology tended to strengthen my belief that these are the last days, and if the Latter-day Saints act as the salt of the earth we must do two things:

1. Love the Lord our God with all our heart, mind, and strength.
2. Love our neighbor as ourselves.

The Brigham Young College is using as a text Dr. Ellwood's book entitled, *The Reconstruction of Religion*. Many people who read this article will also have read the book entitled *The Religion Worth Having*, by Dr. T. N. Carver, professor of political economy at Harvard, who added materially to the religious background of the school.

Perhaps one of the things that impressed me most was that which is hardest to explain, the spirit of the school. The Lord instructed Joseph Smith to seek knowledge from all good books, that all knowledge was useful. Upon entering a class room or a lecture assembly, there was a spirit that made one almost breathless, so eager he became to hear what was being said. Those who attended the school were desirous of following the instructions given to Joseph Smith, namely to gain knowledge. With this gaining of knowledge went a spirit of peace and helpfulness which is indeed the gospel spirit.

Any discussion of the religious value of the National Summer

School which failed to discuss the work of Dr. Shailer Mathews would be very incomplete indeed. Dr. Mathews is from the University of Chicago, and has a national fame as a lecturer and educator. He came to the U. A. C. to give a series of lectures upon religious subjects. His topics were:

1. A sociological discussion of the Apostle Peter.
2. A sociological discussion of Judas Iscariot.
3. The common people at the time of Jesus.
4. Contributions of science to religion.
5. Life of the Apostle Paul.

The purpose of these lectures was to give the students a basis for studying the scriptures. They aimed to give us an understanding of the "Men about Jesus," and the conditions under which Jesus labored, in order that we would understand the reactions of the apostles and the reactions of the common people.

Dr. Mathews accomplished what he set out to do. After listening to him, we better understood the fiery Peter and the scholarly Paul. We had great compassion for Judas Iscariot. We better understood why the mass of the people rejected Jesus, and again was brought to our minds the truth of the saying, "True science and true religion harmonize." and that "All truth is from God whether it be scientific or religious."

One reason why our missionaries are not more successful, and so often meet with rebuff, is because the people do not understand conditions in "Mormonism." If they did understand they would admire the missionaries and be eager to listen to them.

When these men and visiting students go back to their communities their reports of Utah will do much to break down the barriers of ignorance and misunderstanding, and this work of God will prosper.

I believe that everyone who attended the school will go forth and be a better citizen, a better member of whatever church to which he may belong; and if he goes out in the world as a missionary, he will be a bigger and better representative of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Logan, Utah.

Little Things

Even the sod that we tread on	Even the tiniest molecule
Ennobles our lives with its grace,	Is a voice that whispers of God,
And the daisy that blushes in Summer	And the cloudland flitting above us
Is a jewel in infinite space.	Refreshens the humblest clod.

Thus, far on the highways of fancy,
Or near, in the simplest retreat,
There are manifold fragments of heaven
Luxuriantly strewn at our feet.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

EZRA J. POULSEN.

EMERY'S TURKEY SHOP

BY RUTH MOENCH BELL.

The first time Angela Hildreth saw Emery Raines she was fleeing in terror from a gander, which had developed a sudden antipathy for her black stockings.

Angela was running with her eyes closed, hence did not see Emery coming to her rescue, till she ran plump into him. Emery suddenly loomed large in her path, with rugged brows and high-top boots, looking calmly down on her and ignoring the self-important gander.

That anyone could be indifferent to the gander, passed belief. In all her ten years, Angela had never seen so formidable an object of destruction as that gander had seemed, with neck outstretched, uttering raucous sounds, its body laid low over the earth, while its legs covered space with incredible dexterity.

Angela looked up at Emery with deepest relief and complete adoration. Surely this man must be an Abraham Lincoln or some Greek god or hero.

Emery's impression was of a little girl with flying legs and black curls. In quiet amusement he had intercepted her flight. A girl running with her eyes closed was a new enigma for Emery. As she stood panting before him, her large, dark eyes dilating with terror and then contracting with relief, Emery, ever observant of birds and wild creatures, had noted the close-set eyes which distinguished Angela and then he had given his attention to the splash of color as it returned to her cheeks. Emery found the uncertain behavior of that color rather tantalizing. It began at the base of Angela's cheek, back toward her ear, thence creeping upward, pausing half-way in the most fascinating manner, wavering provokingly, yet never reaching the cheek-bone, where Emery had supposed a girl's color belonged.

The look of understanding and wonder, which Angela thought Emery gave her, was only his speculative interest in that splash of color. Would it disappear altogether? Would it slip off entirely? Would it go up whence color was meant to be?

"I suppose I should not have run?" Angela had panted.

As Emery was still speculating about the color, he did not reply at once.

"That big, white bird could not have been a swan, then?" Angela had queried.

"That gander—a—a swan?" Emery had observed. He had come to the conclusion that the color might accomplish a fade-out; but it did not seem likely to spread or slip off. He helped Angela over the fence, looking after her and wondering why she did not glance back at him.

Years afterward, Angela tried to remember what had become of the gander thus ignored. She also wondered how Emery Raines had got there so promptly to save her.

Had Angela been an older resident of Bradbury, or if she had continued her residence in the town, she would have known or found out that Emery Raines had a way of being wherever he was most needed, happening in the most casual way, to arrive in the nick of time. If there were a runaway, everyone looked to see Emery appear in time to catch the frightened team. He had a way of getting hold of the reins and was never more unconcerned than at such moments, except in case of fire, then Emery was calmest and surest. Many still chuckle over the time when Emery, a youth of twenty, took the hose from the excited chief, who was making a nuisance of himself with crazy orders. Emery eliminated the chief by adroitly turning the hose on him, as if by accident.

Naturally, Angela could not have known all this, being but ten, while Emery was at least twenty.

The next time Angela Hildreth saw Emery Raines must have been ten years later. Her father had returned to Bradbury to spend his widowhood, and had brought Angela with him.

Dusk was descending one evening, soon after her return, when Angela rode back from a ride on her mare, Taxy. There had been a wonderful sunset and Angela had lingered to feel its last pulsation of color. Mounting a low hill, on the outskirts of town, she looked out through the deepening dusk, over a field, singularly beautiful in its setting among the hills.

Angela closed her eyes as if to retain the picture. When she opened them again, she caught at her bridle uncertainly. Was she dreaming or did she imagine that the field she was gazing at was moving?

Ross Pepperil, at times her escort and at times over-looked, rode up beside her.

"The field is moving, Ross, it is actually moving," Angela exclaimed.

"'Till Birnum forest come to Dunsinane'," Ross quoted dramatically.

"Hush," Angela breathed in wonderment and awe. "The field is on the move, I tell you. It is moving."

"It does seem to be on the move," Ross puzzled and jumped to the ground. In the closing dusk he stooped and reached out his hand.

"What is it?" Angela demanded.

"I am feeling the field go by," Ross roared with laughter. "We must have stumbled onto Emery Raine's turkey farm. This is a field of turkeys, young turkeys, a whole acre of them."

Angela slid off her mare. The witchery of the night and the thrill of hundreds of living, moving creatures held her speechless.

"The darkness is so complete and sudden up here in the hills," Ross deprecated. "We can't hope to see anything. Yet, from its location, this must be the spot where Emery is herding his newly acquired young turkeys."

Ross laughed in amusement not unmixed with contempt.

"Emery," Angela repeated. "Emery."

"Surely you remember Emery Raines," Ross laughed. "Tall, gawky, got a hook nose, sunken cheeks, auburn hair that looks as if it had never had a raking over. Surely you recall Emery?"

Angela, absorbed in the scene before her, shook her head. "I've been away ever since I was a girl of ten."

"Why, Emery is a sort of combination of Happy Hooligan and Abraham Lincoln," Ross recited, pluming himself on his phrase-making. "Like Happy, Emery is always on hand in case of trouble." Angela raised her head, as if listening to a memory. Ross continued, felicitating himself on his last phrase, "And like honest Abe—there are none homlier."

Then, indeed, Angela remembered, "I know him," she murmured, as if only to herself. "He is tall as a tower and listens to one, even when one is not speaking." She laughed ripplingly, "and yet, as you say, he is homely as Abraham Lincoln."

"Wonder what the poor sap is doing leaving all these birds alone at this time of night," Ross observed curtly. He did not feel like exulting with Angela over Emery's qualifications. "These young turkeys would make a dandy feed for the coyotes."

As if called into being by the word, a dismal yapping, howling and barking began. Angela lifted her head entranced. The one touch, the touch of tone, had been added to the scene.

Emery with buggy whip in hand, came upon them, waving his whip at the turkeys, trying to induce them to roost out of reach of the coyotes, whose weird voices intoned their desires.

"Good-evening, Ross," Emery exclaimed easily. "And Angela Hildreth," Emery added with quiet warmth, extending his hand.

"What are you going to do with them?" Ross laughed with thinly veiled sarcasm, indicating the mass of moving turkeys. "Why don't you rent that old shop on Gentry street and peddle them off for Thanksgiving and Christmas?"

"Thanks, Ross, for the suggestion," Emery observed. "I don't know but what I will." Either Emery chose not to notice or else missed the fact that Ross meant the hint as a flick in the face from his riding whip.

Ross wheeled his horse in further expression of contempt, also apparently lost on Emery. "I'll wait for you on the hill," Ross called back to Angela.

"Maybe you better ride on," Angela cried. "This interests me. I never saw so many living, growing things."

She led her horse and walked beside Emery as he continued to shoo his turkeys to safety.

The thrill of the night fell over Emery and Angela, as they walked in silence. The pulsing of life, the cool, clear air, the odor of sage, the queer, gurgling voices of the young turkeys, these and the mystery and hush of closing day, held them stilled for a time.

"Haven't thought much about what I would do with them when they are grown," Emery remarked. "They've been amusing with their odd, wild ways. You should have seen the crazy nests the mothers demanded. The turkey is never at home unless he thinks he is on the outskirts of civilization. The instinct of the wild fowl to hide her nest can never be bred out of the mother hen. The woman I got these birds from was a positive genius in constructing nests haphazard and hit and miss enough to fool the turkey hen."

Angela laughed. It tickled her fancy. She had always found the turkey amusing. "That only shows that the turkey is a joke after all," she rippled. "It has such a funny, cranky disposition and looks so absurd when it gets angry."

She wanted Emery to know that she remembered him. "Now, that gander you saved me from—" Emery felt his color surging up under his collar. "That gander looked as if it meant business."

"I see," Emery smiled. "You think the turkey looks as if it were pulling one big bluff."

From turkeys they branched off to the "ridiculous donkey with its slap-stick bray." Then Angela remembered that she never could take the Giraffe seriously with its "absurd head moving in stately fashion on a neck that was sheer caricature."

Ross, waiting dolefully at the top of the hill, was not particularly pleased at the easy comradeship into which the two had fallen. He thought it best to return after all and wait rather than be left out altogether.

As Emery helped Angela mount her horse, he remembered suddenly the splash of color that had crept onto her cheek, the night he found her running with her eyes closed, from the gander. In the darkness, he could not tell whether her color still maintained that inverted position on her cheek, whence it might easily slip off. He wondered, too, what she had done with her curls and if her eyes were still set close together, and if they were big and black as they had been when she was that little girl.

It occurred to Emery that if he was thirty, Angela must be at least twenty. She could not have been more than ten at the time of the episode with the gander. Not that her age meant anything to him! Not that his age and the difference between them could possibly mean

anything to Angela, daughter of wealth and leisure. She was not within his hemisphere.

Emery opened a shop on Gentry street. Probably he considered Ross Pepperil's suggestion a good one. He had to find some way of disposing of his immense flock of turkeys. Probably he thought best to ride on the crest of the wave of interest that Ross had created. Ross, whether in pique or in an attempt to be funny, had caused to be published in *The Morning Courier* a news item filled with covert sneers.

Angela did not regard the article as amusing. She suspected Ross of fathering it. If she had never been a friend of Emery Raines, that item would have made her instantly his champion. Angela got into her small roadster two days later and went down Gentry street.

The shop was a hive of industry when Angela arrived on the scene. Painters were at work on the outside and scrub women within. Trucks were hauling away garbage from the rear. Other trucks were bringing in supplies and equipment. She caught sight of Emery giving orders to Cal Hawks. Evidently, the entire shop was to be done in white. Already it stood out on that most wretched of streets. Angela smiled and drove by, returning after the workers had left.

Emery sat down on a barrel of salted pig's feet and took the clipping she held out to him. Yes, he had read it. No, he did not think it particularly mean. Emery smiled over the phrases which had vexed Angela.

"You see I *am* opening a shop on Gentry street," he reminded her. Emery scanned the paper again in quiet amusement.

He seemed not to suspect Ross of any connection with the article. Angela received a new impression of Emery. And yet, this new phase only chimed in with his other characteristics. He did not deal in spite, hence did not look for spite in others.

"I did not realize that I was a 'distinguished citizen'," Emery remarked. "I have been a 'herder of turkeys' for the past few weeks, at least ever since they were worked off onto me."

That was probably characteristic, also, Angela reflected. Some one had been involved, and Emery had helped her out by buying the flock of turkeys.

"There was another phrase that was rather amusing," Emery went on. "Let me see. Oh, here it is: 'a carver of cut-up carcasses of cattle,' clever phrase that," Emery chuckled. "This other is not so good, 'A peddler of dead beeves,' (Angela shuddered at the words) and 'beheaded Turks,' meaning turkeys, I suppose."

Angela looked at Emery as he talked, absorbed in the paper. Yes, he was as homely as Abraham Lincoln, almost. She noticed the almost pathetic line of his mouth. He had a good chin and mouth, kindly and sympathetic. He probably had come to the assistance of

many, as well as of herself." She could imagine any one coming to Emery in time of trouble.

Angela's glance strayed to his seamed, reddened neck, acquired, no doubt, while herding turkeys. And yet, she remembered that she had heard of Emery as a lover of nature. Some had said that he knew intimately the life and habits of every bird or animal in that part of the country. How gnarled and hairy his hands looked! He had undoubtedly never scorned work.

Angela felt a sudden distaste for men with beautifully kept hands. She wondered how it would feel to have her hand swallowed up in a big, capable hand like Emery's. What a friend he could be in his calm, composed way. As a child she had thought of him as a tower. Yes, he was like that, poised and protecting, a light-house tower on the rocks, ready to help the needy.

Emery returned the paper to Angela and arose, putting one foot on the barrel and leaned his elbow on his knee. "The only phase of this market business that I shall not like," he observed, "is—the 'beheading' of those turkeys. As a kid, I remember asking mother if we could not get Jim Carney to kill our Christmas chicken. I suppose I figured that as Jim professed no religion he would probably not get to heaven anyway," Emery chuckled.

Angela smiled. "Why not get Cal Hawks to do that part," she suggested.

"That's the idea," Emery declared. Then he resumed his work, talking the while, exactly as if he and Angela were life-long friends.

Emery looked after her when she went. Too bad that a nice girl like that, a real girl, who understood and could talk with a man about his plans and seemed to have a genuine interest, should be wasted on a young snob like Ross Pepperil, who probably would not half appreciate her. What had become of her curls? Very likely she had tucked them up, he had not noticed. Her eyes were still big and black and had that close-set position, like two ebony lights with only a slim line between. Her color still had that odd way of beginning upside down on her face and wavering there.

Angela looked in once before Thanksgiving and found Cal Hawks at the block. Emery was not in the shop. Cal looked vexed.

"We sent a bill down to those Adamses in the south field," Cal explained. "The boy came back with the word that the whole family is down sick. Adams has been out of work for two months. That means they can't pay the butcher bill that has been running ever since the shop opened."

Angela could see no reason why this circumstance should be so annoying to Cal. Folks often were ill, she supposed, and sometimes found themselves out of work and unable to pay bills.

"Mr. Raines is not here, then," she asked.

"No, he did the usual thing for him, I guess," Cal observed grimly. "As soon as the boy came back with the bad news that we could collect nothing from the Adams bunch, Emery begins wrapping up a big bundle of meat. We saw him jump on his wheel. And here I am left to run the shop alone."

"You think he went—" Angela began.

"Down to the south field, of course," Cal grouched. "If a bunch can't pay for what they have already bought, then Emery takes them some more."

Angela smiled to herself, as she got back into her car. Emery seemed to run true to form in every respect. Each new phase of him fitted in with the others as inevitably as the dissected parts of a picture puzzle.

Evidently the business was prospering. And that was really what interested her, Angela told herself. After the article in *The Courier* the business simply must prosper.

Angela found the shop rather thrilling when she visited the shop on Thanksgiving Eve. Emery must be doing well, she concluded, such throngs as were going in and coming out of the little shop on Gentry street. How jovial every one seemed. Emery had a way of jollyng people. Angela could see their faces lighted up responsively, as Emery handed parcels of meat over the counter with a quip or merry word which seemed immensely cheering.

The peculiar manner of women marketing for meat, was notably missing. Angela had often smiled at the expressions of women in a butcher shop, their nostrils scornfully curled, as they poked a gloved finger into or at the bloody stuff. No noses were in the air that evening. Not a woman was sniffing disgustedly. Every one had caught the Thanksgiving spirit, evidently. Angela moved a trifle nearer to the counter.

"That's all right, Mrs. Thomas," she heard Emery remark. "This is the very turkey I saved out for you. I knew he would be just the size for your hungry boys.—Next!"

A turkey for Mrs. Thomas! Angela looked interested. And such a bird. A widow, the mother of five small sons, carrying away a turkey twice the size of the one Angela meant to get for her guests. Mrs. Thomas must be in very good circumstances.

Angela received a shock, however, when she caught a glimpse of the ragged shawl, aged hat and thin skirt, as Mrs. Thomas went out with her turkey. Angela smiled a greeting to Mrs. Thomas, and that appeared to be the last straw. The widow's chin quivered and tears coursed down her cheeks.

Angela's gaze followed the widow to the door and there, outside the window, jumping up and down with glee, as the mother appeared

with her load, were five small boys. Five of them with outstretched arms and eager faces! How shabby and thin the group looked.

She turned away in time to see Ben Griffen carrying out another enormous turkey and blinking rapidly. The bird he held must have been twice the size of the baby Ben's wife had left when she died.

"So glad to see you are in better circumstances," Angela spoke kindly to Ben, as he passed her at the door.

For reply Ben gulped hard and was gone.

Angela turned again toward the counter. She was crowded near the door, so Emery had not observed her. How handsome, after all, Emery looked in his white jacket and spotless apron. His auburn hair had a tendency to curl. His deep-set eyes gleamed kind and true. Angela noticed again the almost pathetic line of his mouth, as if he, who was always helping others who were in trouble, needed a little petting himself. Angela glanced away. Probably she better call up Ross tomorrow and tell him——

Something Emery was saying arrested her attention. "Sure, sure, that's all right, Knowlton," she heard. "We'll put it on your account. Sure, sure, that's all right. Now what can I do for you Merriss." And Emery pushed another wrapped Turkey across the counter.

Knowlton charging things! Angela wondered! She saw Knowlton grin as he turned from the counter. "Nuts, clear nuts," she heard him remark to his wife. Mrs. Knowlton smiled, too, with a slight sneer.

Knowlton was the banker, the rich banker. He and Ross Pepperill owned the richest bank in town. Knowlton charging meat! Angela felt indignant. Emery had not even taken time to make a note of the charge order. Not a slip or memorandum of any kind. He was waiting on one customer after another.

"How is your farm getting on, Merriss," Emery was saying. "Yes, I know, times have been hard for most since the war depression."

"Now what can I do for you, young man," Emery called heartily. Angela noticed Dave Elkins hobble up on his crutch. "We've got your bundle already, Dave," Emery cried.

Dave protested and pushed the parcel back toward Emery, who insisted and had his way. Presently Dave limped away with one of the smaller turkeys.

Angela noticed that Cal Hawks, over at the chopping block looked at Emery, then shrugged his shoulders and resumed his steak cutting. Emery joined him.

"Get what change there is and go over to Jameson's and see if you can't get some more stuff, Cal," Emery urged. "The crowd is still coming and we are almost sold out."

Cal grinned and jerked open the cash-box. Emery rubbed his head in consternation. "Why, there must be more than that," he cried.

We've been doing a rushing business. Never mind, I'll go over to Jameson's myself."

Emery caught up his hat and made for the door and then he caught sight of Angela. Emery's color did not begin like Angela's. Emery's color surged up over his seamed neck and spread like a forest fire.

"Come with me, can't you?" he whispered boyishly exultant. "Got to get more meat for them."

Angela laughed, as they went out to her car. "Big business I see."

"Great, simply great," Emery rejoiced. "And you never saw such a lot of tickled people in your life. Do you know about half the folks in this town never ate turkey for Thanksgiving." His enthusiasm was the glee of a boy. "Why, I've sold more turkey than anything else."

Angela's heart sang in unison. "Glad you are doing so well," she responded.

"To tell the truth the money seems rather slow coming in," Emery hesitated. "But shucks, they'll pay when they can."

"You are keeping books then?"

Emery looked a bit anxious. "To tell the truth, I can't find time to set down half the purchases. Such a rush."

Angela again saw before her those five boys with arms uplifted to receive the turkey Emery had so generously "sold" their mother.

"Does a kid good once in a while to have a real, big luxury." Emery observed, as if he too, were thinking of those small boys. "Think of looking forward to turkey all your life and then getting nothing but steak or chicken?"

"Eating turkey once in a while sort of expands a person," Emery chuckled.

"Like giving turkeys," Angela thought to herself.

"I wonder if you wouldn't like to see the shop when we get back," Emery suggested.

Jameson's was closed so they soon got back and found that Cal Hawks had closed the "shop on Gentry street."

"You might come in and look around," Emery said, "I'd like to show you the new refrigerating plant."

Angela almost swung the car into a telephone pole. "New refrigerating plant?" she repeated. "Don't they cost frightfully? And you wouldn't need one till spring, would you?"

"I know," Emery hesitated. "But—well to tell the truth, Hank Williams hasn't been able to sell a single plant this year. You have no idea how hard times are. So I—"

"I know. You bought one to help him out."

"Yes, I figured if I was going in at all I better do the thing up right."

Angela made a few mental calculations, as together they went over the shop. Ice—plant—modern equipment—every inch of the shop freshly painted and enameled—glass counters—marble blocks—modern storage—and turkeys—given away.

"How is the shop paying," she inquired demurely.

"If I had time," Emery admitted, "I'm sure I could make her pay out. But—well, you see, I felt that I had to make good, after that article in *The Courier* and then young Pepperil—"

Angela turned toward Emery—"Ross, Ross Pepperil?"

"Yes, he's pretty white, after all, offered me as much as I needed just as soon as he saw how things were going. Yes, offered me \$15,000 so I could do the thing up right."

"Fifteen thousand—with what security?"

"The shop and—the farm," Emery admitted with visible reluctance. "That was all I had for security."

After awhile Angela got her breath again. "You mortgaged that splendid, great farm for fifteen thousand?"

Angela had been her father's counselor since her mother's death and realized that mortgages had a disagreeable habit of falling due just when one least desired such a contingency.

"Of course, I never guessed that the shop would not pay out handsomely right away." Emery concluded. "You see, with turkeys at—"

"Nothing apiece," was on the tip of Angela's tongue to say.

Emery must have sensed what she was about to say. "They are all good scouts," he broke off. "Every one of them. They'll all pay." Emery fell silent for awhile. Angela could see that something other than all he had said, was troubling him.

"You didn't see the five little Thomas boys at the window," Angela remarked. "They were waiting out on the sidewalk for their mother to come with the Thanksgiving turkey."

Emery looked uncomfortable. Would Angela insist on knowing how five, fatherless boys got the idea that their thin underfed, overworked mother was going to bring home a turkey, a real turkey. Emery's lip twitched. There was some things he did not care to have too closely scrutinized, even by Angela.

"I haven't shown you the rest of the shop," Emery suggested.

Angela was not to be diverted. "How long was your note for?" she asked, as they looked around.

"Well, er—er yesterday Ross came in and—well, to tell the truth, the note is due now. Ross says the bank is hard pressed for

funds. It seems he made the loan to me without his father's knowledge. Anyhow, the holidays are making demands on the bank and the inspector might come any time. You know, banks don't lend on real estate and farms any more." Emery was floundering about in a maze of sentences, more or less explanatory, more or less apologetic." Even so Ross has been mighty white. He has extended the time till Christmas."

"Oh," Angela smiled, changing the subject. "I suppose this is your new storage."

Emery was grateful for the change of topic. He wanted to talk things over with her; but as he talked he was conscious that the situation was hopeless, so far as lifting that loan was concerned.

"Here is our new sausage machine," he pointed out. "Grinds fine as hair."

Angela looked speculatively at the machine. She was wondering whether Ross Pepperil could be ground much smaller, even if he were run through the machine.

* * * * *

Christmas Eve came and the crowds flocked into Emery's shop. Gentry street had never known the tread of so many eager joyous feet at one time. Poor and rich alike had heard the rumor of Emery's Thanksgiving gifts and most of the customers were willing to accept.

"Just as well let the poorer ones have their meat," Emery insisted, as Cal Hawks remonstrated. "The old shop's going anyway. Might as well clean it up neat. Let 'em have their Christmas feed."

Old Lady Graham, the last to leave the shop, heard the remark and turned half-way. "You mean you are closing out for good—for—ever—" she quavered.

"Run out of meat," Emery joked. "Can't sell the counters for Christmas feasting."

Mrs. Graham hobbled mournfully away. Emery had failed, their Emery! He had been so kind to everyone. Too kind, perhaps! That was why he was failing. He had been too kind and generous.

Willie Thomas broke into Emery's thoughts. "You've got to come over to the Christmas tree. It's a great, big tree. The church is all-bright and shining." Willie tugged at Emery's knees. "You must come. There are to be presents for all the grown-ups, too."

"No, I don't think I can go over to-night," Emery protested. "I kind of want to straighten up a little." He meant he wanted to be alone to think over impressions of a period that had slipped into the past. He was too tired to look forward to what might lie ahead. He would only straighten out the tangle in his thoughts and in his shop and get ready to deliver the keys to Ross, Christmas morning.

"You can go, Cal," Emery said.

Cal got his things on and then grasped Emery's hand in silent sympathy. He had not approved of Emery's bounties; but he could only respect the feeling that had prompted them.

Emery went around the place, clearing out the few things that were left to clear out. He wondered if Angela had received the Christmas turkey he had sent her. He would have felt a little less lonely if she had come in. He wondered vaguely why she had not been in since Thanksgiving. He had heard that she was away. Well, she and Ross would at least have wealth. That is, if she had chosen Ross, as rumor claimed.

Emery sat down on the discarded wooden chopping block in the back of the shop. The venture had been a failure financially and yet he could not regret. It had been a dispenser of cheer while it had lasted. The poor on Gentry street had tasted foods unknown to their palates heretofore. If some had profited who might have paid, well, where was the harm? He probably could not have made a go of it anyhow, not being fitted for business. His place was on the farm.

"There is the one regret," Emery reflected to himself, "the only regret is the farm."

Years of patient toil had gone into that farm. How many, many years would drag into the past before another could be found and cultivated, built up and paid for. Now was the time that farm was needed anyhow. Now, not twenty years hence. Now while the little Thomas boys were young and growing! Now before the mother of those growing boys had worn her life away in toil that could not keep them decently fed!

He would have given up the shop after the holidays. He had known his interest would fade after the turkeys were all sold. If he had not lost the farm, when spring came he could have taken a few, at least, of the needy out into God's fresh air and let them grow up working with growing things. Room for every one, work for all, food in abundance. He should have thought twice before he mortgaged that farm for so trifling a sum. Two years before, sixty thousand dollars would not have bought the place. Now, because of the post-war depression, fifteen thousand dollars could not be raised in any way to lift the mortgage.

Whether Emery dozed on the chopping block, he could not have told. He had often, even when less weary, slipped into slumber when his thoughts had tussled with a knotty problem impossible to solve.

Emery raised his head. What was happening? Was he losing his reason? Such a clamor as rose from the front of the shop. Ross Pepperil could not be trying to move everything out on Christmas Eve. Emery's fighting spirit came up.

"I'll deliver those keys tomorrow and not before," he called as he marched toward the locked door.

Emery swayed and stepped back. A mob seemed rushing in on him.

"Emery, Emery Raines," they were shouting.

"Here, here you—" Emery began, bewildered by the clamor and sudden rush of the crowd toward him.

The throng burst into the shop, bringing the snow and the cool, frosty air with them. All the unfortunate of Gentry street and of the entire city seemed to be pouring in.

Old Lady Graham was in the foreground. "We've brought you all we can rake together," she cried.

"You can't close the shop, you shan't close the shop," Dave Elkins shouted. "You've been too darn good to all of us. That's why you're broke. We've broke you letting you give when we might have paid part, part at least."

Willie Thomas grabbed Emery's hand and began stuffing pennies into it. Pennies he had earned selling papers on frosty mornings.

"Here, you can't do that, I tell you," Emery began. His voice broke treacherously. "I tell you I never had such—so much—Oh, clear out of here can't you," he begged, as pennies, nickles, dimes and quarters showered onto the counters.

Emery turned his back on the mob. A man does not care to be caught boo-hooing like a boob. Emery had got to the stage where he could barely see the crowd through a mist of tears that flooded his eyes. He was glad he had not seen Angela's face through that blur. He was glad she had not been there to see his weakness.

Somebody grasped his hand under cover of the counter, as he turned from the sobbing throng. Somebody with a hand absurdly small and soft clung to his hand. Emery blinked and gulped several times. He got command of his voice after awhile.

"What are you doing here," he demanded with a gruffness meant to cover the break his silly voice kept making. "This is Christmas Eve. Why aren't you up to the church celebrating?"

"Listen," Angela called to the crowd. She was still holding onto Emery's hand with both her own under cover of the counter. "Listen, friends, Daddy, my Daddy has bought the mortgage to Emery's turkey farm. Everyone of you take up your pennies and buy turkey eggs and set hens as soon as spring breaks. There shall be turkey for all and work for all. It is to be a municipal turkey farm. We are all to have a share in it. Daddy says—" a suspicious quiver crept into Angela's brave tones. She bit her lip and caught her breath and tried again. "Daddy says, that Emery's turkey farm is too good an—asset to this town and he must run it for us—run it always."

Amid the cheering that followed, Emery tried to free his hand

from Angela's gentle grasp. A man can stand so much and then the strongest of the sex will break. Emery knew now that he loved Angela, must always have loved her. He had known all the time she was not for him. He never would have bothered her with his love. He had strength of character enough, he hoped he had enough, to have kept away from her forever. Her sympathy, her nearness were unmanning him. He must not take her in his arms there before the entire populace. Right there was not the time to make a fool of himself.

The mob somehow must have taken the hint. They began to edge their way out, chattering and cheering through the falling snow, which descended like a benediction on all.

"But my dear," Emery protested, drawing Angela close, under the mistaken impression that he was keeping away from her. "You couldn't—you couldn't possibly love an ugly morsel like me. I—I can't let you throw yourself away like that. You must not give yourself to any one so unworthy."

"Must you be the only one who gives gifts unworthily?" Angela smiled up at him.

"Then you do—you really do care for me? It isn't just sympathy?" Emery cried incredulously happy.

"I have no turkeys to give," Angela smiled mistily, "but surely you will let me give—"

Willie Thomas, on his knees on the other side of the counter, grubbing for pennies, took up the refrain, mischievously. "Yes, we have no—turkeys—" he sang as he bolted for the door, the last to leave.

Emery caught the idea, as he caught Angela up to him. "Yes, we have no turkeys. We have farms and laughter and love and each other. We don't need any turkeys or shops today," he cried joyously.
Logan, Utah

God Bless the Parents

Dear God, bless every parent, who hath a wayward son
Or daughter under heaven, please bless them every one.
O touch them with thy Spirit, to lead them back to thee
Through deep, sincere repentance, to live eternally.

Forgive them all their follies and lead them in the way
Of virtue, truth and honor, ah, never more to stray.
Heal thou the heart that's broken, bind up the wounds that bleed;
The tempest-tossed, the afflicted, their soul's deep hunger feed.

O let the prayers of the righteous raise to thee not in vain
But send to them deliverance from sorrow, grief and pain.
O grant that true salvation, may come, this very hour,
To the oppressed, downtrodden, of Satan's cruel power.

Oakland, California

ANNIE G. LAURITZEN

THE BRIGHT THINGS OF LIFE

BY ALICE MORRILL.

I was going along—just sauntering down a meandering path which led through the outskirts of a country village. It was early morning, and the blue, blue sky just seemed to smile its beneficence down upon a waking world, while the grass and flowers and creeping things looked up to greet the fresh young day.

My heart was full of the joy of living. I had forgotten that I was growing old or that youth and gladness ever waned. I was thrilled with the beauty of earth and the glory of life. Looking forward, I saw a man coming up the path toward me. I recognized him as being an old acquaintance. On account of not living in close proximity we did not often meet, and the thought of exchanging greetings with an old friend, now, as always, added to my pleasure. I extended my hand as we met and was opening my mouth (and soul) to greet him when he remarked, "Good Morning, Mrs. Gray, My, but you're beginning to look old!" That was his greeting—just that—and nothing more.

And yet, he was a well meaning man, as the saying goes, and are we not all "well meaning?" But are we all "well doing" when it comes to "brightening the corner where you are?" Do we not talk oftener of the unpleasant and the distressing things of life than of the pleasant and beautiful things which surround us?

And yet how few really unpleasant or distressing phenomena there are in life, if we "simmer things down" to their component elements, or view them in the light of their ultimate results. How fine it is to meet those who radiate cheer and happiness and encouragement, whose "spirit's touch" inspires you to be your better self—to do your best—whose attitude toward life is optimistic! These are they who view life as simply a segment or part of the great eternity of time, and the whole world functioning as one bright unit in a glorious universe, where there is no death nor decay. That which seems such is only life renewed and perfected.

And how much life really holds of the glorious and beautiful—glory and beauty that result in pleasantness and joygiving; the caress of Spring, the ever changing panorama of the sky, the argosies of drifting clouds, the beaming eyes of a street urchin, the clinging softness of a baby's arms, the metamorphosis of a creeping thing, the life history of a grain of soil, the loyalty of your faithful hound; undying faith shining in the countenance of an aged, white-haired man, a sunflower beside a dusty road, a patient smile on the face of pain, a neighborly, kindly deed, the smokestack of a great manufacturing

plant, the ripple of the meadow brook, the stars of night, and the sun-king of the noon-day sky!

Oh, there is much to enjoy, much to make the heart glad, and to fill the soul with praise and love for that Great Being, the Author of it all.

Tridell, Utah.

TOBACCO AND "RED HOT" REFORMERS

BY WILL H. BROWN.

The *San Francisco Examiner*, in an editorial on "Children," says:

"The look in a child's eyes is quite the loveliest look possible to human-kind. If every-one thought about some child every day for half an hour, and looked ahead over the years in which that child would be growing up, this world would be full of red-hot, yet sensible reformers. People who thought much about children would simply and promptly take adult life to pieces and make it over as perfect as possible, so that the beauty and the healthiness which are the qualities of childhood might never be tarnished by disillusion or needless pain."

True words. And yet because friends of children have organized the No-Tobacco League, and kindred movements, to keep the rank poison of nicotine away from children, so that they may have a chance to grow into clean, strong, robust, manhood and womanhood, the tobacco men can find no words strong enough to express their hatred for these "red-hot, yet sensible, reformers."

We may as well face facts. It would be rank hypocrisy for any one to claim that the millions of dollars spent in advertising tobacco is with the hope of getting more smokers among the adults—it is to get the children. If the tobacco men would leave the children alone they would find many "red-hot reformers" comparatively quiet on the tobacco question. No one knows better than the tobacco men that if they do not get boys to smoke they would soon find their business on the decline, for the reason that but few persons take up smoking after they get out of their teens. "New smokers, boys and girls, begin on cigarettes and generally stick to it," says the *Tobacco Record*, in its issue of March 26, 1924.

Bits of Philosophy

Sophistication is not education.

Feeling big does not make you big.

Joy living is better than joy riding.

The worship of self kills the better self.

The deep sounding sermon is better than the high sounding sermon.

When you try to be the whole show you are never more than half the show.

It is more important to know what to do with your life than to know how your life originated.

A creed that is so little that a little soul can believe it is hardly big enough to make any soul big enough to get into heaven. —*Nephi Jensen.*

THE HOME

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class, M. I. A., 1925-26

LESSON IV—THE PRESERVATION AND PROTECTION OF THE HOME

I. The Lecture:

1. Definition of Terms. The term "preservation" shall mean the prevention of the passing away of the home. Protection should mean prevention from dilapidation or decay, and from loss by fire.

Home, in this discussion, shall mean a separate residence owned, or the ownership being paid for by the occupant.

2. The passing of the mansion.

a. Causes.—Ever since the Civil War in America, the mansion home has been passing into history superceded by the hotel. And since the World War, the private palaces of Europe have been following the same course. The two main forces behind this movement are: the independence of employees, and taxation. Wealthy people finding that they could get luxury and attention at the hotel, cheaper than they could by maintaining the mansion, chose in the direction of the least resistance, leaving the mansion to dilapidation and decay.

b. Effects.—The passing of the mansion has been with a sort of social leveling. It has resulted in a shoulder-to-shoulder touch between dollar-and-cent-royalty and the masses. There are no reserved seats in the lobby, nor is there any front row standing place on hotel elevators. The eat-drink-and-be-merry hospitality has suffered a loss, but the coming-together-to-learn form of enjoyment has made a distinct gain.

3. The survival of the cottage.
 - a. The economic outlook.
 1. The ownership—Some people say it is cheaper to rent than to own a home. But the expense of owning a home costing \$4,500 is estimated by good authority as follows: Interest on building, \$315; taxes, \$75; water, \$15; heat, \$60; light, \$30; interest on furniture, \$70; wear of furniture, \$50; repair on home, \$50; insurance, \$8—total expense, \$673. Rent of apartment, \$65 per month—\$780; gain, \$107.
 2. Home industries. (1) Baking. The following is submitted by the Domestic Science Department of the Brigham Young University:

Does Home Baking Pay?—In dollars and cents—yes, as the following illustrations show: One-pound loaves of bread retail at 12c, made at home with retail prices of materials used, they cost 7c per pound loaf. One nine-inch apple pie retails at the bakery at 30c; at home it costs between 11c and 15c. Nine pies were baked at a total cost of \$1.05 for materials, requiring two hours' time for entire process. This meant a profit of \$1.65 or 82½c per hour for fuel and labor. Home baking is one way in which the housewife can add dollars and cents to an otherwise inadequate income.

(2) Home sewing. On this topic the director of the Domestic Art work at the Brigham Young University, says:

Clothing made at home costs about one-third the price of the ready-to-wear clothing. Usually the garment is of a better grade of material which will insure

longer service. The material being a better grade, will have greater endurance, the style can be more conservative, as medium priced ready-to-wear garments are usually made to suit the latest fad or fancies. Where the income is small and the number in the family to be clothed from a relatively small clothing budget is large, there is no better way of cutting the expense than to have much of the sewing done at home. A busy mother cannot do it, but if she knows how it should be done, she can choose the color, select a pattern with the right lines, and direct her seamstress. These three, color, line, and fairly good workmanship, will insure a successful garment.

3. What may be done for the survival of the cottage. 1. Build better cottages. 2. Drive drudgery out of the home with household equipments. 3. Hold to the home evening. 4. Keep up cottage meetings, (a) Of relatives, (b) Of friends, (c) Of neighbors. 5. Emphasize home helpfulness in the public schools. 6. Give courses on parenthood in our colleges.

II. The Thought Exchange.

1. Problems suggested:

a. Give at least five reasons why the cottage will survive? b. Show the truth or the fallacy of the statement: "Paying for a home is paying rent to yourself." c. What percent of the bread-winning is done by the woman who bakes the *bread at home*? d. Wherein is putting off home repairs wasteful? e. What would be the probable results of inaugurating a "paint up week?" f. If a group of persons should simultaneously paint their homes, what would be the paint-up effect on the locality? Why? g. Discuss: "Own a home and rent an automobile, or own an auto and rent a home."

2. Problems suggested by members of the whole class.

III. Social Period.

1. Material suggested: Humorous home-happenings. a. Original. b. Related. c. Read in class.

IV. Announcements and Assignments. Singing: "Keep the home fires burning," or "My mountain home so dear." Benediction.

LESSON V—STANDARD MIDDLE-CLASS HOME—PHYSICAL FEATURES DESIRABLE

I. The Lecture.

"There are few things that concern us more intimately than the homes we live in, and especially those we own." Since the days of Adam, shelter and home comforts have been among the foremost considerations of the race.

The physical features here treated would go to make up what might be termed a "standard home," hence our title "Standard Middle-class Home." Let us proceed as if you readers were a young married couple starting out to build a home.

1. Sources of help—The best and safest general advice we can offer is to consult an architect, or a building company who uses an architect, for its plans. Also, visit the houses in your community, new and old for ideas; and, in addition, go to the

libraries and examine books of architecture and magazines for house plans.

2. Planning the home—*a.* Accommodations. With the aid of the architect, plan your home as best you can to accommodate the needs of the family, both present and future. A home should be planned to meet as many situations as possible. Speaking generally, a large living room and medium size dining room are desirable. A kitchen, not too large, arranged so that three or four can work at the same time without interference, is good. Plan the kitchen also to save steps. A breakfast room is considered desirable, especially if the kitchen is kept down in size and if the dining room is so arranged as to enlarge the living room. The breakfast room can be used at night as a little study room. Corner bed rooms are desirable, especially for summer weather. Plenty of closet space makes housekeeping easier. Careful attention should be given to wall spaces for furniture. Circulation or accessibility of rooms is also important and difficult to accomplish in planning small and medium-sized homes, for the reason that hallways either have to be omitted or reduced to the minimum in size. Sunshine and proper ventilation add to the livability of a home and results from good judgment in the size and placing of windows. Either too much or too little light is to be avoided. A fire-place is the social center of the home. Usually the plain, simple ones are the best. It requires skill to keep things plain, simple and well proportioned, useful and in good taste. A medium size basement, well lighted, is sufficient, unless a recreation room is wanted. Keep your house regular, eliminating freakish and peculiar notions. This will increase the sales value in case you desire to sell later on. Waste space in planning should be avoided. It is a problem however, to provide maximum accommodations in minimum space and thus reduce the drudgery of housekeeping and the cost of construction. Moreover, as a rule, there is more sentiment attaching itself to the smaller, than the larger homes. Owners of large homes often delegate part of the work around the place to someone else. Of course, additional help for the mother of the home is often the sensible thing, but the more a man tends to his own place, plants his own trees,—mows his own lawn—waters his own flowers, etc., the more affection he will feel for his home.

The writer was interested recently in visiting a section of large homes, where the people are said to be very rich *per capita*. The chief observation made by him was the absence of children, and the stories of divorces attaching themselves to the different mansions in the neighborhood.

- b.* Durability.—Durability is an essential part of a livable home. In all probability you will be obliged to practice economy. An architect's services can help you do this.
- c.* Beauty.—Beauty is also a desirable feature and for this item we are almost wholly dependent upon the skill of an architect.
3. Location. An exclusively residential section is safer than one that is mixed with business houses. In larger cities, restricted areas are the most desirable. Zoning is a big protection to home owners, keeping the buildings and businesses out of residential sections. Ordinarily the higher or bench lands are the most desirable for homes. In choosing a location you will also consider accessibility to church, to schools and to the center of town (do not be afraid of getting too far out.) As to whether a South, East, West or

North front is the best, it does not matter very much provided you have the advantage of necessary skill in planning your home. The home should be planned with reference to the front of the lot it occupies. A width of 50 feet is a very satisfactory city lot. You can get along with 40 or 45 feet if necessary. Better place the house well to one side to make room for a drive-way. Special consideration should be given to the grounds. A lawn, a flower garden, a play ground which, of course, may cover the lawn area, and trees, are desirable. Attractive and useful hardwood varieties are the best in the long run.

4. Keeping a home up. The satisfaction you will get from your home will depend largely upon the care you take of it and the amount of your time you are willing to put into it. Make the little repairs and the larger ones without delay. For want of a nail, a screw, a paint brush, do not let the house grow old before its time. Keep the grounds in tip-top shape and you will enjoy them. Summing it all up, whatever goes to make a home livable is desirable.

II. Thought Exchange.

1. Problems suggested.

Just three questions. Do you want to go on paying for a home that will never be yours? Do you want to raise your children as unwelcome guests in another man's house? Do you want to subject yourself and family to the many disadvantages of renting? Renting leads in one direction, home ownership in the other.

2. Problems suggested by members of the whole class.

Here are some of the benefits of buying a home, expressed in verse form.

THE HOME OWNER'S SONG OF SATISFACTION

While we were buying our home,
we learned to save our money. We
increased our credit. We were happy
in knowing that we were providing
shelter for our old age.

* * * *

I was recognized as an ambitious,
far-sighted person, worth employing,
and because I *felt successful*, (knowing
we were getting ahead) I became a more
contented, better workman.

* * * *

All the while we enjoyed outdoor
work beautifying our grounds (which
was good for our health.)

* * * *

We were proud to entertain friends
(which was good for us socially), and
we were comfortable and happy.

* * * *

Now that we own our home we no
longer pay rent, and so, (having ac-

quired the saving habit), we are accumu-
lating for an income.

* * * *

I have a foothold in the community
because people depend upon me to pay
my debts, to keep my job, to help
build up the town where our home is,
as a good citizen should.

* * * *

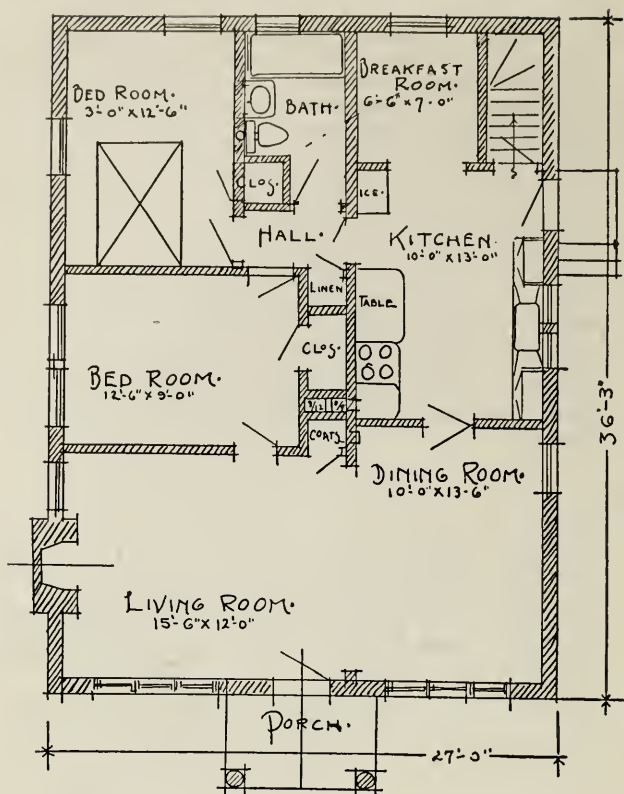
I would shoulder a musket to defend
my home, but rather would I help to
establish lasting peace to keep my home
safe.

* * * *

My wife and my children and I all
delight to make our home beautiful.
Every day the name of home becomes
dearer. Every day we are glad, my
family and I, more and more glad that
we bought a home.

* * * *

Why don't you, too, buy a home?



Floor Plan, Standard Middle Class Home, House for Kimball & Richards

III. Provide Social Program for the Next Meeting.

IV. Announcements and Assignments. Singing: "Home, sweet home." Benediction.

LESSON VI—THE STANDARD HOME MAKERS

I. The Lecture.

To establish homes of the highest standard, requires wisdom and knowledge and power beyond that possessed by the world today. A glance at the condition of the world as regards marriage and family life proves the fact beyond question. The Latter-day Saints, through modern revelation from God, possess knowledge which eminently fits them to be the Standard Home Makers of the world, to establish homes possessing every element necessary for the complete development and happiness of the family organization and of the individual members of the family, both now and forever. See D. & C. 132:8-19, 20; *Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 347, 348.

The powers and responsibilities of the man in the home:

1. The man is the head, the governing power, doubly so when he holds the Priesthood, the God-given power of presidency. In all home affairs and family matters there is no other authority paramount.—*Gospel Doctrine*, p. 359.
2. His responsibility is to provide and maintain the home; to protect it from

evil and danger; to direct its general activities for the benefit of all the members; to establish the general rules for the government of the home; to establish the religious observances, and by example and precept teach the laws of the gospel and maintain them in the home. (See Doc. and Cov. 59:7, 21.)

The position and responsibilities of woman:

1. Woman is the central figure in the home. She is the home maker. God himself ordained her to mother the race and keep sacred and happy the place where husband and children are sheltered and nourished and prepared for life's battles.
2. "Woman's place is to secure the order, comfort and loveliness of the home."—*Ruskin*.
3. The woman is largely responsible for the atmosphere of the home, be it peaceful, helpful, purposeful or distorting and enervating. Woman is the helpmate of the man.—Book of Moses 3:18; Genesis 2:18; *Gospel Doctrine*, p. 363; *Young Woman's Journal*, Vol. 25, p. 519.
4. Woman is obedient to her husband: Book of Moses 4:22; *Gospel Doctrine*, p. 360.
5. Woman is largely responsible for training of children in their early life.
6. Woman's greatest achievement is motherhood. Motherhood lies at the foundation of the happiness of the home and the prosperity of the nation.—*Gospel Doctrine*, p. 361.
7. "Children are a heritage of the Lord. As arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. They shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemy at the gate."
8. The debt men and women owe to God for mortal life is discharged by giving bodies to the spirits who are ordained to dwell on this earth. "To be a successful father or a successful mother is greater than to be a successful general or statesman."—*Gospel Doctrine*, page 358.

True companionship is necessary to home of highest type.

1. Social. The companionship of hearts; to be happier together than apart—*Young Woman's Journal*, Vol. 25, p. 520. 2. Intellectual. Companionship of minds. Their intellectual achievements will differ as their natures or talents differ, but the same standard of excellence should actuate them both. 3. Moral companionship. The same standards of chastity, purity of mind, speech, actions and ideals must be held by both. 4. Perfect unity of religious belief is absolutely necessary to the finest and fullest spiritual companionship.

II. The Thought Exchange.

1. Problems Suggested:

a. How far need the question of money decide the quality of a Latter-day Saint home? b. What would be the effect upon the Church and on the world if the Latter-day Saints lived up to their knowledge in establishing their homes? c. What has permanence of abode to do with character-building in the home? d. I heartily recommend the reading of *Marriage, the Home and Family*—*Gospel Doctrine*, by President Joseph F. Smith, p. 341.

2. Problems Suggested by members of the class.

III. Social Period. Make provisions for program through class one week ahead.

IV. Announcements and Assignments. Read or sing hymn 3, p. 7, *L. D. S. Hymn Book*.

A VETERAN OF THE BLACK HAWK WAR

By H. R. MERRILL, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Last spring I had the pleasure of going to Bryce and Zion in company with A. A. Anderson, Scout Executive of the Timpanogos District Council. We took our wives along. Though we were in a hurry, both of us being interested in early history and the pioneers



W. A. Cox, veteran of 84, one of the party shot at first in the Black Hawk War. Scout Executive A. A. Anderson, Provo, at his side.

who made it, we found time to hunt up various people and places of interest. At Manti, we came in contact with W. A. Cox, a veteran 84 years of age, still comparatively active. We found him in his garden, and when we told him that we were looking for some one who knew something about the Black Hawk war, he immediately laid down his hoe and followed us to his blacksmith shop which is, in reality, the old curiosity shop. Near the shop Mr. Cox perched on a block

of wood and Mr. Anderson and I found another, while we listened to the veteran tell of the exciting days of long ago.

"I was one of the first men to be shot at in the Black Hawk war," Mr. Cox began. Then he proceeded to tell a tale that might have stepped bodily from the pages of some wild, western book.

The beginning of the war, according to Mr. Cox, dates from a certain altercation which took place between John Lowry, a well known veteran and leader of Sanpete county, and an Indian which occurred in Manti. Others trace the beginning to a little earlier date, but that doesn't matter so much here. It seems that a young Indian brave became angry and threatened to shoot Mr. Lowry with an arrow, whereupon the white man jerked him from his horse rather unceremoniously. This was hard on the dignity of the Red Man, who rode away uttering threats against the whites. As a result of this tilt, the whites decided next day to round up their stock which were grazing about twelve miles from Manti down the valley towards Richfield. A company of twenty or thirty young fellows were dispatched to bring the cattle in. Among them was W. A. Cox.

"We were riding along the trail near Twelve Mile creek," Mr. Cox said in his slow way, "when we saw on a trail that ran almost parallel with ours, and which we knew would join ours a little farther on, a band of Indians. These Indians began shooting as we approached. We supposed that they were tryin' to scare us, so paid no attention to them until we began to hear the bullets whistling pretty close. This had continued but a short time when one of our boys, Peter Ludvigsen, fell from his horse, dead. We discovered then that the Indians were shootin' to kill, and that they meant real mischief. We whirled our horses and started for home as we were not prepared to fight. The Indians followed, but we soon got away from them, since our horses were grain-fed and theirs were just range horses and poor; it was early spring."

Mr. Cox then told us other interesting tales of Indian trouble, but he seems to like best to tell his story of the famous Black Hawk uprising. I was very much interested in Mr. Cox because he reminded me of a famous story-telling uncle of mine whom I had listened to by the hour as he told his yarns of the early days. As I listened to Mr. Cox's slow drawl I lived over again many of the nights I had spent around our home fire listening to my uncle's tales. The memory was made more vivid when I glanced down and beheld Mr. Cox's boots. They were of a pattern that could not be mistaken. Many times I had acted as boot-jack for just such boots.

"Where did you get your boots?" I couldn't refrain from asking the question, though it might have seemed rude.

He drew up his overalls that I might see their quilted tops and

feel of the fine texture of the leather. "These boots are thirty years old," he said. "I used always to wear boots like them. I found these a while ago where they had been stored away, and decided to wear 'em out."

Mr. Cox is an interesting old veteran who can tell his yarns to one or two interested listeners in really a charming way. He has much of the ability of the pioneer to picture episodes, especially if he is given a stick and a patch of dirt in which he can draw out the position of things as they were. He took us to his shop where he has collected crooked sticks, irons of all kinds, ox bows, yokes, pioneer wagons—he even has one that was used by Johnston's army—and traps of all kinds. The outside of the shop is covered like the inside with a thousand and one trinkets he has picked up in various places.

"Crooked sticks are my hobby," he said whimsically. "I use crooked sticks for everything."

He showed us a rich assortment of canes, a hand-saw handle, a turn stile for his gate, and many other instruments that had been made in part or in whole by crooked sticks that he had picked up in his travels. Mr. Cox was a member of a wagon train that made one of the best records between the River and Utah.

I saw the veteran again in June. He is growing feeble, but his mind works well, and he can still spin his true yarns of the early days in a manner that is a delight to one who has been brought up with such tales.

Provo, Utah.

I Am the Helmsman

I hold my fate in the balance,
This power's my right divine;
My life is what I make it,
Though walls my body confine.

It matters not what condition,
Let fate smile kindly, or frown,
'Tis mine to still do the choosing:
Will roses or thorns be my crown?

This God giv'n power that's within me,
Views mountain tops hid from sight,
Where treasures untold wait the winners,
Who fight on with strength and with might.

There's none can steer life's boat for me,
But God; and will to achieve
Will lead my bark to its moorings,
Where sacrifice finds its reprieve.

Raymond, Canada

HELEN KIMBALL ORGILL

JOSEPH SMITH, AND THE GREAT WEST

Slavery's Burden on the Pioneers

BY I. K. RUSSELL, AUTHOR OF "HIDDEN HEROES OF THE ROCKIES"

IV

I congratulate you, my fellow citizens, upon the approach of the period at which you may interpose your authority constitutionally to withdraw the citizens of the United States from all further participation in the violations of human rights which have been so long continued on the unoffending inhabitants of Africa, and which the morality and reputation and the best interests of our country have long been eager to proscribe.—*President Thomas Jefferson*, to Congress in 1806.

Petition also, ye goodly inhabitants of the Slave States, your legislatures to abolish slavery by the year 1850, or now, and save the Abolitionist from reproach and ruin, infamy and shame. Pray Congress to pay every man a reasonable price for his slaves. Break off the shackles from the poor black man, and hire them to work like other human beings; for an hour of virtuous liberty on earth is worth a whole eternity of bondage!—*Joseph Smith*, in an Address to the American People, Feb. 7, 1844.

I concluded by assuring them [the Mexicans] that the bare mention of the subject (of the abolition of slavery) in any treaty to which the United States was a party, was an absolute impossibility; that no President of the United States would dare to present any such treaty to the Senate; and that, if it were in their power to offer me the whole territory described in our project, increased ten fold in value, and in addition to that, covered a foot thick with pure gold, upon the single condition that slavery should be excluded therefrom, I would not entertain the offer for a moment, nor think even of communicating it to Washington.—*Commissioner Trist*, the President's agent in negotiating peace terms with Mexico after the Mexican War.

Could views be more apart than shown in the three extracts given above? In 1806, President Jefferson expressed the hope that America will expand *without* slavery. In 1844 Joseph Smith made a direct and urgent appeal to settle the issue. In 1849, five years later, the Mormon Battalion had made its march to the west coast, carrying the armed fringe of America's power with it. A Peace Commissioner has been named.

And what is it he says? He reports that if all California was covered with gold a foot deep he would not help bring it into the Union as a free state, in which slave holding would be illegal?

If Commissioner Trist's view were isolate and alone we could forget it, but it is far from that. It teems with the same kind of spirit with which the South was full and had been teeming over with from 1820 on.

Picture, then, how much of the true story of the Far West we lose if we picture it as an unknown, unwanted, uncountenanced land until the Pioneer bands pushed across the Prairies in 1847 and 1849! We have seen from the debate in Congress on the annexation of Texas how the lust to carve slave states out of the Far West filled the South, even before Missouri had become populated. We have seen how the "Mormons" came into Missouri from New England when that was forbidden land to all save pro-Slave adherents.

What shall we now say of the "Mormon" journey to Utah? With the South feeling as Commissioner Trist here states, were the "Mormons" any more welcome in Utah—then a part of California—than they were welcome in Missouri?

At the time Joseph Smith appealed to the American people to settle the slavery issue by purchase, the newspapers of the South were making front page news of the attractions of California and were urging pro-Slave settlers to rush out to that state.

Some of that front page news is now very interesting. For instance that old "joke" about the man who went to California and returned east and died, leaving a will asking that his body be sent back to California for burial! The joke goes on to explain that after the body was shipped there, the man suddenly came alive again and was still living there in a hale and hearty way. That yarn is usually credited to modern real estate promoters. Yet I have found it in publications printed two years before the "Mormon" pioneers took to the Plains for their mighty Exodus.

Those news crusades for pro-Slave settlers for the Far West covered every phase of Far Western geography. The Navajo Indians were discussed and praised for their rugs. The salmon of the Snake river were mentioned as a source of commerce.

Utah's streams were praised for their beaver, and Great Salt Lake was described along with the main routes through the Utah country to Oregon and to California. These matters even made up thundering orations in Congress, some of them antedating the known exploration data about Utah. For instance, Congressman Floyd of Virginia, in December, 1824, described the Utah country in a speech to Congress, including Great Salt Lake, which he called Lake Timpanogos. His speech was before the reports of its discovery, in that same winter, by Jim Bridger, Jedediah Smith and Etienne Provot and could very easily have reached him in Washington.

What shall we say, then, of the "Mormon" Pioneers and their journey to Utah? We must say that they did not make the journey free and clear of issues that harried them in Missouri. We must say that they carried a heavy burden of Slavery issues with them and that these pursued them and hounded their career even until Johnston's Army was sent to blight them and blot out their Free State inclinations and power.

One of the strange things about the "Mormon" people to me is the wide extent to which they have always influenced the destiny of the world. In this case we have Joseph Smith teaching the "Mormons" to sing their great hymn of migration:

In Upper California, O that's the land for me—
It lies between the mountains and the great Pacific sea.
The Saints can be protected there, and enjoy their liberty
In Upper California, O that's the land for me.

And at the same time we have the South intent on quite another

destiny for Upper California, and working hard to bring this destiny into full flower. Yet, as issues crashed along until the great Civil War settled them in bloodshed, Joseph Smith's view of the Far West's destiny is the one we see working out. The other was hurled back upon itself with the violence of thousands of deaths in battle.

You can touch affairs at any point this way, and find "Mormon" trails in the midst of their nerve centers. I started to read the life of Gladstone, the great English statesman. One would hardly expect to find Joseph Smith's influence at work there. Yet Gladstone, it turned out, was thoroughly aroused by Joseph Smith's plan to occupy the Far West. Gladstone wanted this same Far West for England, and urged in every way English colonization to beat the "Mormon" colonization to its destiny. He started work for English land laws, as liberal as American land laws, and an English road up the Saskatchewan as good as the American road up the Platte. He even started a move to extend the Canadian government over Rupert's Land, which then included all Canada west of Ontario, and all Oregon, including Utah to about American Fork canyon—as far south as the beaver streams existed.

I started to read a history of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Staffordshire, in England, and found that a major factor in their careers in the forties was the vast exodus from them, over thousands of "Mormon" converts.

A History of Detroit turned up a chapter on the "Mormons" of the Strang colony who landed there after their leader's murder—his colony being an offshoot of the day in which the sturdy "Mormon" pioneers left for the Great West. *A History of Omaha* reveals Brigham Young's portrait at the second chapter with stories of the horrible hardships of the "Mormon" pioneers at Council Bluffs and in the hard trek through Nebraska.

Thus it goes, with the Pioneer move ramifying into the affairs of many nations. In this place we now desire to expand further the data already presented about the spirit of the South at the time Joseph Smith's Nauvoo Legion, reorganized and sworn into the Federal Service as the "Mormon Battalion," became the armed fringe of America's move to the western ocean.

The cloud of pro-Slave politics hovered over it, a tiny army of free state men by birth and inclination, all the way along its course, as we shall see.

It is stated by Brigham H. Roberts, in his *Missouri Persecutions*, that on July 20, 1833, an interested spectator of mob outbreaks against the "Mormons" in Jackson county was Lilburn W. Boggs, lieutenant-governor. Gov. Boggs walked through the ashes of the burned home of W. W. Phelps, and remarked to some of the plundered Saints, "You know now what our Jackson boys can do, and you must leave the country."

And so had Boggs to "leave the country." After he had ex-

pelled the "Mormons" from Missouri, in 1838, in a bloodthirsty manner, he could not see them depart from the West in peace. He needs must rush on out to forestall them. In 1846, while General Kearny was still at Fort Leavenworth recruiting his "Army of the West," and receiving the Mormon Battalion as the first to respond, this same Boggs rushed out onto the Plains at the head of a pro-Slave party of California emigrants. They called to Kearny for protection against the "Mormons," over whom they had the heebie-jeebies, as the modern young person would say.

Why did they have to rush out that way? Boggs was no mere spectator at the first outbreak of mob violence against the "Mormons" in Missouri. We have shown the pro-slave spirit of that hour, and Boggs was its agent in Missouri affairs, as Houston was its agent in Texan affairs. Now let us glance at some Congressional and other opinions while the Mormon Battalion was on its dreary march across New Mexico, Arizona and the California deserts to San Diego.

A bit of a Northern trick threw the monkey-wrench into Congressional sessions, which precipitated a rush of revealing pro-slave talk.

There was a certain effort at one time to conceal the pro-slave lust for the Far West, to gain senators and members of the House in overwhelming numbers against New England. These sudden outpourings were so torrid that we may almost say that the settlement of Utah, the conquest of New Mexico, and the annexation of California, precipitated the Civil War. Both the South and New England were heated to fighting pitch over the prospective disturbance of this new territory on the Congressional balance of power. And orators on both sides flared out about it with predictions of disunion and a war.

The monkey-wrench in the gear box of the South's political machine was thrown by a Northern member of the Lower House, Mr. Wilmot. He heard the avowals of President Polk that the Mexican war was not for conquest. He, therefore, quietly introduced a little measure known as the *Wilmot proviso*. It provided that any territory coming to America as a result of the war should be Free State territory. Otherwise no money was to be appropriated for the conduct of the war. And a pretty hornet's nest this little *proviso* stirred up.

"We trust that our Southern representatives will not forget that this is a *Southern war*," screamed the *Charleston Patriot*, editorially. "Every battle fought in Mexico," wrote the editor of the *Charleston Courier*, "but insures the acquisition of territory which must widen the field of southern enterprise and power for the future. And the final result will be to adjust the whole balance of power in the Nation, so as to give us (of the South) control of the government in all time to come."

"The Whigs of the North oppose the war," cried the *Federal Union*, a Georgia paper, "because its legitimate effect is, as they contend, the extension of southern territory and southern slavery."

"The natural tendency of the slaves under our humane policy is to increase," explained the *Mobile Herald*, "and the effect is that, if we have no outlet for them, no soil to put them on, they will be huddled within the

extreme southern limits of the Union. This evil may be avoided by taking new territory in the direction of Mexico. We need plenty of soil to render slavery profitable."

These cries, outside of Congress, were nothing to the storm raised by the Wilmot proviso within. The president wanted \$3,000,000 to prosecute the war to an early peace. It was proposed to give him the money—for Free State territory *only*.

At once Southern legislatures petitioned Congress, mass meetings petitioned Congress, and slave holders petitioned Congress.

Senator Buchanan, representing Pennsylvania, was ardently on the pro-slave side. And this was more than ten years before he sent the pro-slave General Johnston out to hound the "Mormon" settlers of Utah. "All Christendom is leagued against the South on the question of slavery," was the way he put it in 1843, even before this crisis over the financing of President Polk's war. Buchanan was speaking to the matter of the Northwest Boundary treaty with England, which he opposed on account of its unsatisfactory provisions about the return of fugitive slaves!

"The South has no allies to sustain its constitutional rights, except the democracy of the north. In my own state we inscribe on our party banners *hostility to abolition*. It is one of the cardinal principles of my party."

Here we have President Buchanan laying his heart bare, as Boggs did when he told the "Mormons" how "we Jackson boys" can do it.

As the storm over the Wilmot proviso broke in Congress, Mr. Dargan, of Alabama, let go with this verbal shot:

"Say to the South that they are only fighting to make *Free Territory*, that it is only for this that the brave men of Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama are periling their lives, and they will demand the settlement of this question now, preliminary to any further prosecution of the war."

The men Joseph Smith had trained were *periling their lives* at the time by the longest march in the history of Infantry, but they had no cry about Free State territory being a worthless quest. The "Mormon" Pioneers were on their way to Utah, but no such qualms held them back, or dampened the ardor of their nation-building march.

"If the people of the South are to be excluded from the territory their own blood and treasure may win," said Mr. Tibbatts of Kentucky, "then I am opposed to carrying on this war on such terms."

Mr. Calhoun, who had sneeringly advised Joseph Smith, once, to take the "Mormons" to Oregon, when he appealed for justice on Missouri issues, broke forth with this impassioned plea:

"I am a Southern man and a slaveholder, a kind and merciful one I trust, I say for one I would rather meet any extremity upon earth than give up one inch of our equality—one inch of what belongs to us as members of this great Republic What! Acknowledge our inferiority! The surrender of life is nothing to sinking down into acknowledged inferiority."

Very close to a declaration of war, this. Mr. Bagby of Alabama was even more outspoken:

"I would say, away with the Union if no more territory were to be acquired, lest Southern institutions should exist in such territory."

And Mr. Magnum of North Carolina:

"There are now 3,000,000 of slaves penned up in the slave states, and they are increasing population, increasing faster than the whites. *And are the slaves to be always confined to their prison states?*"

The famous Wilmot proviso was defeated by a vote of 31 to 21 in the Senate, and by a vote of 221 to 199 in the House. Thus it perished, but it had done its work—it had laid bare the Southern demand for the Far West for *slavery*!

Many friends wrote me when I started this series that they feared I was imaginative and was hanging too heavy a series of conclusions on too slender a thread. They could not conceive the heart of the South being really fixed on the Far West, and on Missouri, so that the slavery issue really affected Far Western destiny. What will they say now? For reasons of space I have barely touched the volume of Southern opinion rampant during the Mexican war upon this theme.

In the next installment we will take up the work of hunting down Free Staters that went right on in Missouri, with its motive laid bare, as it was not in the case of the "Mormons," for many years after the days of the expulsion.

Armistice Hymn

Hail! Day of Armistice, hail to the nations
 Quenching the fire of the thunderous guns;
 Ended the anguish of war's desolations,
 Broken the strength of the terrible ones.

Hail to the warriors peacefully sleeping,
 Nameless or known in the cross-covered plains;
 Bow we with those who sit quietly weeping,
 Bearing their loss for the world's richer gains.

We will be keeping the tryst ye decreed us,
 Ye who lie under the wave and the sod;
 Watchful we stand, guarding all that has freed us,
 Resting our deeds in the judgment of God.

Hail, Day of Brotherhood, hail to the morning
 Of the new day that has scarcely begun,
 When, o'er the earth in that glorious dawning,
 Good will shall triumph and all men be one.

BEAUTIFYING MANTI TEMPLE GROUNDS

BY P. V. CARDON, UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE EXPERIMENT
STATION

Many communities in Utah are able to point with a measure of pride to one or more tracts of land—a tabernacle square, cemetery, playground, tourist park, school grounds, courthouse block, memorial grove, or the grounds about a private residence—improved in recent years under the personal supervision of Emil Hansen, landscape architect, with the Extension Service of the Utah Agricultural College.

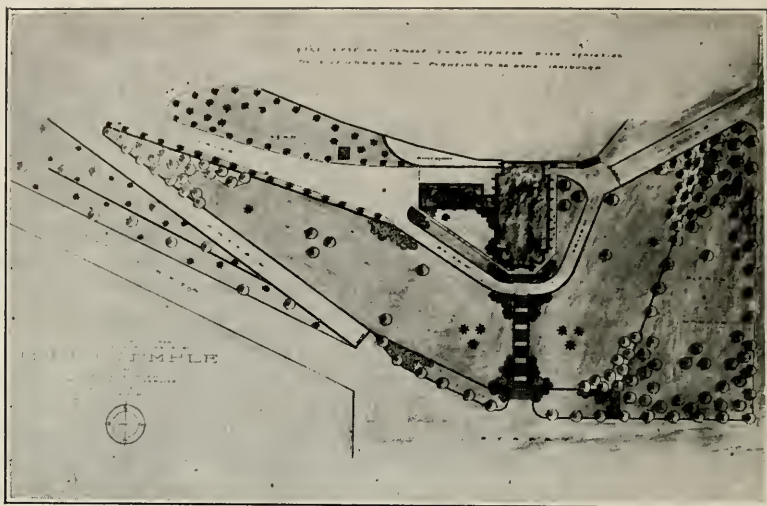
The whole state is the college campus to the extension workers of this institution, and Emil Hansen in his own way is striving diligently and unselfishly to make this campus beautiful. Inconspicuous at first, his efforts were little appreciated, except by those with whom he was in close contact and who had seen and were being guided by the plans he had drawn. But, with the trees and shrubs he planted several years ago now attaining size and lending grace to the tracts they adorn, people generally are taking account of the great public work he is doing, and his services are in demand the state over. Years hence, many an attractive touch of landscape gardening will stand a fitting monument to the service which Emil Hansen is rendering Utah.

It would be difficult to decide which one of all his improvement projects stands out supreme; perhaps, time alone can tell. But in the mind of the artist himself, the proposed beautification of the Manti temple grounds ranks in prospect as his very best work. To this task he is giving his best thought, fully expecting it to be his crowning achievement.

The setting of the Manti temple lends itself admirably to beautification at the hands of an experienced landscape architect. Against a lofty background formed by the Sanpete mountains to the east, this temple, topping the brow of a bench, looks out over the Sanpete Valley and is visible to almost every town and community, whether north, south or west. Indeed, one cannot enter the Sanpete Valley but his eye soon is drawn to the temple so prominently is it situated.

Running at various angles, but completely enclosing the temple grounds, are high retaining walls of native stone, taken from the very hill upon which the edifice stands. From the country road which parallels the front line of the grounds, a long flight of stone steps rises to meet the main entrance of the temple which, also, is constructed of native stone—a rare stone of enduring quality and creamy whiteness, taken from a nearby quarry. Architecturally the Manti temple compares favorably with any so far erected by the Church.

South of the temple grounds proper, a sharp break in the slope of the hill leaves a comparatively level tract which is to become a



Proposed plan for improvement of property of Manti Temple, by Emil Hansen, U. A. C. Extension Service. The hill east of Temple to be planted with varieties of evergreens. Planting to be done irregular.

picturesque picnic ground. This tract is set off from the temple grounds by a wall running in a southerly direction.

Since the temple is built upon a ledge of solid rock, of the same general nature as that used in the construction of the retaining walls; and since this ledge underlies all of the tract to be improved, it will be necessary to resort to blasting in order to make suitable beds for the shrubs and trees to be planted. And when it is known that the plan for improvement calls for about five hundred trees and as many shrubs, the amount of blasting to be done can be appreciated. Subsequent to the blasting, of course, will come the hauling away of the broken stone and the hauling in of the soil with which to fill the blasted holes—all of which means labor and expense. Most of this, however, will be contributed by the hundreds of Saints who take pride in their temple.

The long lines drawn by the retaining walls will be broken by vines (*Ampelopsis Engelmanni*) which will cling to the walls without support. The steep appearance of the front steps will be relieved by shrubbery. Where the retaining walls form sharp angles, trees will replace shrubs in order to avoid the ugliness of narrow, abrupt rises in elevation. To relieve the monotony of expansive lawns, a few trees, including some evergreens will predominate.

With the plan approved by President L. R. Anderson of the Manti temple, the architect expects to begin work this fall in the hope of being able to complete the project next spring. After that, time and attention will be required to bring full realization of the beauty in the plan which the artist has conceived.

Logan, Utah.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

Swiss-German Mission Divided

The following official notice, signed by President James E. Talmage, appears in the *Millennial Star*:

"The Swiss-German mission holds a place of honorable prominence in the missionary history of the Church. For over three quarters of a century the glad tidings of the restored gospel, and the re-establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ have been proclaimed in these lands; and, as a result, tens of thousands of honest souls have heard, believed and accepted the divine word.

"For a period of over forty years, missionary service in the two nations was directed by one presidency, then with the two countries as separate units; and again, dating from 1904, as a single mission, with headquarters first at Zurich and then at Basel. Branches in Austria have been included in this mission.

"During the greater part of the last decade, the growth of the Church in this field has been greater than ever before. In the current month, August, 1925, the membership comprises 11,430 souls, classified as to location in sixteen main divisions known as conferences.

"In the interests of efficiency it has been deemed advisable to divide the mission; and, in accordance with the decision of the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve Apostles, preparations for such a division have been in progress for several months. The segregation is made, not on the basis of nationality, but according to distribution of members of the Church, accessibility of conference centers and branches by the principal lines of travel, and other considerations of convenience and effectiveness in administration.

"The division was made at a general conference held in Chemnitz on Sunday, August 23. The western part retains the name 'Swiss-German mission', and the eastern section is to be known as the 'German-Austrian mission.' As announced at the conference:

"The dividing line begins just east of Rostock, on the shore of the Baltic Sea, runs west of Gustrow and Erfurt to the south, then curves below Hof to the German-Czechoslovakian frontier. Thence the German-Czechian and German-Austrian border constitutes the dividing line, which continues from the most southerly point of the German-Austrian border directly southward."

"Thus segregated, the Swiss-German mission comprises the following eight conferences: Hamburg, Hannover, Cologne, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Basel, Zurich, Bern. The membership of record in this mission is 5,305 souls.

"As now constituted, the German-Austrian mission comprises also eight conferences, these being: Königsberg, Breslau, Stettin, Berlin, Leipzig, Chemnitz, Dresden, Vienna. The recorded membership of this mission is 6,125 souls.

"President Tadge will be in charge of the German-Austrian mission and President Hugh J. Cannon will preside over the Swiss-German mission.

"President Tadge and family are already established at the Dresden home, which is now the headquarters of the German-Austrian mission. His release from the presidency of the western section is cause for inevitable sorrow on the part of the thousands of Latter-day Saints within that area, to whom he has endeared himself by efficient service and loving ministry. However, the saddening effect of the change is mitigated by the welcoming of President Cannon and family, who are now domiciled in the Church home at Basel, which will remain the headquarters of the Swiss-German mission. President Hugh J. Cannon took charge of that mission in 1904, following a period of devoted service as president of the German mission only; and he now returns to his former position of presidency under conditions of rich promise of increase in the work of the Lord within this field.

"Sister Eliza Walz Tadge retains her position as president of the Relief Society



ELDERS ATTENDING THE SWISS-GERMAN CONFERENCE MEETINGS

Names of Elders and Missionaries, back row, left to right: Cranney, Chemnitz; Canfield, Chemnitz; Tanner, Chemnitz. Second row: Dally, Dresden; Hasler, Dresden; Burton, Dresden; Cambell, Dresden; Sloan, Dresden; Dustman, Chemnitz; Winkler, Chemnitz; Parkinson, Chemnitz; Wood, Dresden; Young, Vienna; Sust, Leipzig; Galli, Dresden; Adams, Chemnitz; Blackburn, Chemnitz; Crawshaw, Leipzig; Romrell, Dresden; Jensen, Chemnitz; Lindquist, Chemnitz. Third row: Parrish, Chemnitz; Snow, Cologne; Hutchings, Leipzig; Wright, Chemnitz; Stevens, Leipzig; Garner, Leipzig; Eitner, Chemnitz; Janke, Dresden; Love, Chemnitz; Feinauer, Chemnitz; Saches, Dresden; Sartor, Hannover; Sirtius, Dresden; Gorztze, Chemnitz; Christensen, Dresden; Fotland, Leipzig; Walker, Leipzig. Fourth row, sitting: Kunz, Chemnitz; Pendleton, President Stuttgart conference; Rhodes, President Leipzig conference; McKay, president Hannover conference; Anderson, President Chemnitz conference; Tadge, President German Austrian mission; Talmage, President European mission; Cannon, President Swiss-German mission; Hyde, President Holland mission; Wunderlich, editor of the *Stern*; Schaub, President Dresden conference; Hansen, President Vienna conference; Browning, President Berlin conference. Front, sitting: Zenger, Leipzig; Radichel, Leipzig; Schettler, Dresden.

in the German-Austrian mission; and Sister Sarah Richards Cannon occupies a similar position in the Swiss-German mission.

"The division of the former unified mission, which comprised sixteen conferences, into two missions, each having eight conferences, promises much by way of increased efficiency and stable growth. Each of the mission officers will be able to give closer and more detailed attention to the component units within his field; and we may confidently hope that the saving messages of the gospel of Jesus Christ will be accepted by yet greater numbers of the good people of these countries than have hitherto been reached by the gladsome sound.—James E. Talmage, President of the European mission."

Striking Events of History Recalled

President Hugh J. Cannon sends the *Era* an interesting account of the division of the Swiss-German mission which he says was made without disturbing the boundary of any conference, with very little changing of missionaries, and with a comparatively equal population of Church membership in each mission. He continues:

"The *Stern*, that sturdy defender and exponent of the truth, which has been issued continuously since 1869, will be printed in Basel, as the official organ of both missions. The *Stern* succeeded the *Darsteller*, which was first issued in 1855, by Daniel Tyler. All outlines and publications which may be needed in priesthood quorums and auxiliary organizations will be issued jointly.

"The division recalls some interesting events in the mission's history.

"At the Chemnitz conference there were 1,415 people present and it was estimated that not less than 200 were turned away, being unable to get near enough to hear the speakers. [In an account of this conference in the October *Era*, p. 1177, an obvious error in the types was made by saying thousands instead of hundreds.—*Editor*.] Little more than two decades have passed since, in this same city of Chemnitz, Bishop Frank Pingree, of the University ward, in the Ensign stake, was sentenced to ten days imprisonment for having performed a baptism. He was incarcerated from January 2 to 12, 1903.

"The last meeting which the writer attended in Frankfurt during a former mission to this land was held in a private home. The few Saints came together unobtrusively, one or two at a time, in order not to attract attention. We dared not sing, and the speakers were cautioned not to raise their voices unnecessarily. Now there are two flourishing branches in this city, and their Sunday schools and meetings are held openly in school houses. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact that the Germans have far less fear of their school houses being used for such purposes than do some of our cautious friends in Utah.

"At a conference in Hamburg, August 30, the first one held in the reorganized Swiss-German mission, 840 people were present in a school building, and after listening to a splendid rendition of Professor Stephen's 'The Vision,' heard a sermon from President Talmage such as is rarely presented to the world. While Hamburg has been more liberal in its treatment of our missionaries than some other places, there have been many years when a public meeting could not have been held there, and at no time before the war could such a number have been brought together.

"A very large number of faithful Saints have been gathered from these German speaking lands. They are to be found in stake presidencies, in high councils, in ward bishoprics, and throughout the various organizations. These members have been a blessing to the Church, and what a blessing the Church has been to them!

"And speaking of the useful men who have come from these lands, it may not be out of place to mention that President Talmage and his party visited the old home in Meissen, where Dr. Karl G. Maeser was born. This property is now owned by Robert Bernock, an hospitable shoemaker. Some

time was spent about the place, looking through the rooms, and conversing with the occupants. Mr. Bernock has given permission to have a metal tablet put up on the house telling briefly of Dr. Maeser's birth and his subsequent work. He suggested that such a tablet would cause many inquiries, and that he must be prepared with literature and information for those who seek it. One need hardly say that it will be furnished.

"It is to be hoped that the work in these lands will continue to flourish, that the lives of many more thousands may be enriched by the gospel's saving principles."—*Hugh J. Cannon*, President of the Swiss-German mission.

Celebrating Pioneer Day

Boyd H. Ririe of Nottingham, England, encloses this photo of the traveling missionaries of that conference. The photo was taken just after an interesting cricket game while the elders were celebrating Pioneer Day. The saints and elders of the conference with their friends joined in properly celebrating the occasion. The day was spent in games, sports and open-air services with song and oration bearing upon the pioneer movement.



Elders laboring here are: G. F. Deem, Ogden; G. O. Gee, Provo; R. H. Haight, Salt Lake; G. M. Broadhead, Beazzer, Alberta; W. H. Johnson, Ogden. Front row: E. E. Snow, St. George; Z. V. Derrick, Salt Lake; B. H. Ririe, Lewiston, conference president; A. F. Kendell, Ogden; and H. P. Foster, Ogden.

The Gospel for All

"The gospel is for all, and those seeking the truth are being gleaned from all walks of life. President Corbett, of the Independence conference, reports that a Kansas City attorney has recently applied for baptism. His investigation of the Church teachings began following dealings with Salt Lake attorneys in law-suit. To the open, unprejudiced mind, the fruits of 'Mormonism' will bear testimony of its divinity. Truly God works in a mysterious way. We never know when a word or act may plant the seed for further investigation of the truths of the gospel as restored in these latter days. The Book of Mormon as a second witness of the divinity of Christ and of the restoration of the gospel, is bearing testimony to many. Following a lecture and exhibition of the Book of Mormon slides, by J. T. Lindsay of the East Texas conference, in New Boston, Texas, five people applied for baptism. Our desire as missionaries is to help others to understand the true gospel teachings—a gospel of faith in God's word and power, hope in the future, and charity toward the failings of others, by helping them to overcome them."—*J. Henriksen*, Mission Clerk, Independence Mo.



Photo by Geo. Ed. Anderson

TWELVE OF "THE ORIGINAL TWENTY-NINE"

The Brigham Young University, then the Brigham Young Academy, Provo, Utah, was founded October 30, 1875. The original deed of the property was then conveyed. On October 15-17, 1925, the semi-centennial was grandly celebrated. The new and beautiful Heber J. Grant Library Building was opened and dedicated on Friday, October 16, 1925. On Monday, April 24, 1876, twenty-nine students registered in the Academy, that being the first day of the opening, under Dr. Karl G. Maeser. For many years these have been spoken of as the "Original Twenty-nine." At the celebration, twelve of this group were present: namely; top row, left to right, Alice Smoot Newell, Rachael D. Davis, Mary Roberts Farrer, Marietta Riggs Beesley, Jonathan L. Harvey, Nancy Smoot Beebe. Bottom row, Sarah Eggertsen Cluff, Simon P. Eggertsen, Joseph B. Keeler, Rose McCune, Diantha Billings Worsley, Mary Nielsen Jorgensen.

In front of Brother Eggertsen, is a portrait of the beloved teacher, Dr. Maeser. At the rear, is a float they used in the celebration parade, and back of them, the Maeser Memorial Building. In the farther back-ground rise the Wasatch Mountains with the "Y" to the right, symbolizing the great educational institution.

Editors' Table

Missionary Work and Mission Calls

BY PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT*

I think the hymn to which we have just listened is entitled to the place it occupies in our hymn book, namely, the first hymn—the place of honor. It was written by the late Apostle Parley P. Pratt:

A First Place Poem

"The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled!
The dawning of a brighter day,
Majestic rises on the world.

"The clouds of error disappear
Before the rays of truth divine;
The glory bursting from afar,
Wide o'er the nations soon will shine.

"The Gentile fullness now comes in,
And Israel's blessings are at hand;
Lo! Judah's remnant, cleansed of sin,
Shall in their promised Canaan stand.

"Jehovah speaks; let earth give ear,
And Gentile nations turn and live,
His mighty arm is making bare,
His cov'nant people to receive.

"Angels from heaven and truth from earth,
Have met, and both have record borne;
Thus Zion's light is bursting forth,
To cheer her children's glad return."

I earnestly desire the faith and prayers of this vast audience to assist me in that which I may say to you today. I sense the great responsibility of addressing so large an audience—for this building is filled to overflowing—and I desire that my remarks shall encourage and bless the Saints here assembled.

A Tribute to President Penrose

Since we last convened in general conference one of the great and faithful laborers in the Church has departed this life—the late President Charles W. Penrose. Perhaps no man in all Israel has written more in defense of the people than Charles W. Penrose, and I believe that the literature from his pen has been more widely distributed than the

*Remarks at the opening meeting of the 96th semi-annual Conference of the Church, at Salt Lake City, Utah, October 4, 1925.

writings of any other of our leading men. He spent nearly twenty years of his life as a missionary in his native land. As I announced at his funeral, during the last nine months that I presided over the European mission we distributed about eight million pages of the writings of Charles W. Penrose. I have been thrilled by his discourses from this stand, from my childhood days until the time of his last public address. He was inspired in his utterances, and he had the capacity and the ability to make plain the principles of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ as perfectly as any of our speakers that I have ever heard. We also rejoice from time to time in listening to the inspired hymns that he has written. We mourn his loss, but we rejoice in the wonderful record of labor and service that he made in the spread of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ at home and abroad.

William Jennings Bryan's Visit in Salt Lake City

At one of our general conferences some years ago we were honored with the presence of Senator Owen from Oklahoma and Honorable William Jennings Bryan. These gentlemen remained until after the conference session, when an informal organ recital was given in their honor. Perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty people were present, and following the recital, requests came from different parts of the small audience that Senator Owen and Mr. Bryan make some remarks. They did so, and from the press reports of the occasion we read the following:

His Estimate of "Mormonism"

"Mr. Bryan said the truths he had heard expounded there that day he should endeavor to carry with him throughout life, and he believed that through him many people might hear the truth concerning "Mormonism," for he would endeavor to give an exposition of what he had heard in plain truth to the people with whom he associated. Mr. Bryan said he had been undecided about coming to Salt Lake. He had been asked to speak in Los Angeles Monday, but he had obeyed a whim almost and had come to Salt Lake. He did not know why, but now he said he believed it was providential. At any rate he said he had heard truths uttered that impressed him deeply, and he knows that he is better equipped to perform his work in the world for having heard "Mormonism" expounded. Particularly was he impressed, Mr. Bryan said, with the 'Mormon' belief in the personality of God. It is a beautiful belief, he said, and one by which the world might profit. He referred to the application of the gospel in the lives of the 'Mormon' people, and said such principles applied to the problems of the world would in very deed solve the difficulties with which the world is beset. He referred to the single standard or morality, as expounded by one of the speakers, and said that in very truth that is a principle that might well be applied to the lives of all men."

His Last Speech Shows His Perfect Faith in God

The publishing house of Revell & Co. have published a book containing the last address of William Jennings Bryan, which address was prepared for the celebrated evolution case in Tennessee, but was never delivered. I have had the privilege of reading and re-reading the book. It shows that he had perfect faith in God our heavenly Father.

and in my judgment it is a very strong defense of the divinity of Christ and of the Godhood of our Father in heaven.

I had the pleasure of visiting with Mr. Bryan, after his remarks following our conference, and he said that he was expected to deliver three speeches in California before leaving, but that he believed the world at large would get more benefit from what he had learned in our conference than the people would have received had he remained in California and delivered those three speeches. He promised to send me a little pamphlet containing his ideas about God. After reading it I remember saying to my family that William Jennings Bryan ought to be a Latter-day Saint, because many of his views were in perfect harmony with our faith. Every Latter-day Saint upon the face of the earth believes in the individuality and personality of God our Father, and of the Lord Jesus Christ. A man who does not so believe has no right to be called a Latter-day Saint. Every Latter-day Saint believes absolutely that God conversed with Joseph Smith, and introduced to him the Lord Jesus Christ as his well-beloved Son.

President Grant Present at Historical Events

During the past six months I have had the privilege of visiting in California and meeting with the Saints there, I had the pleasure of being present at the official opening of Zion's National Park in southern Utah, and of attending the general conference in June of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement association, and also the Primary association. That great celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement association was one of the grandest that we have ever had. It was a marvelous outpouring of the youth of Israel upon the streets of this, the central city of Zion. The parade was an honor to the Mutual Improvement association and a credit to the Church. I believe that special credit for that parade was due to the insistence of Junius F. Wells, the man called originally by Brigham Young to organize the Young Men's Mutual Improvement association. For the very splendid and orderly way in which it was conducted, credit is due to Governor Mabey and to each and every one of those on the committees. Credit is also due to the various people who took part in speaking, singing, or giving orations or the various contests, musical and otherwise, at the conference. My heart was filled with gratitude and thanksgiving to know that we have today one hundred thousand young men and young women in these Improvement associations interested in laboring with zeal and energy for the advancement of the work of God.

I had the pleasure of being present at a celebration in connection with the great dam that is to be erected at American Falls, where millions of money will be expended and a vast empire redeemed through utilizing the waters of the Snake River. It was also a pleasure later to attend the Burley stake conference. Saturday eve-

ning I held a meeting at Oakley at which thirty odd per cent of the people of Cassia stake were in attendance. I first visited that section of the country forty-four years ago this fall, when it was only a branch of the Grantsville ward of the Tooele stake of Zion, numbering perhaps a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty Latter-day Saints. There are now in that section of the country a number of stakes of Zion, among them the Twin Falls stake. The city of Twin Falls has over eight thousand inhabitants. None of our people were located there at that time, but I rejoice in the wonderful growth of our people and others in redeeming that section of the country.

I was requested to go to Pocatello and dedicate an amusement hall—a fine large building. I thought back to the time when I first went there and met with just a handful of Latter-day Saints in a little rented hall, and when I contemplated the fact that there are now six organized wards of the Church at Pocatello, and thought of the wonderful growth of Latter-day Saints in that section, I rejoiced in the material and spiritual advancement of the people there.

Visits Many Scenic Wonders

I was requested to send a speaker to hold a meeting at the West entrance of the Yellowstone National Park the Sunday evening that I was at Pocatello. I made several efforts to secure a speaker to go there, but all those to whom I applied were engaged. So I decided to drive from Pocatello myself Sunday afternoon, and attend the meeting at West Yellowstone. The next day and the day following I had the privilege of going through the Yellowstone Park, and then driving down to Driggs, where I held a meeting Tuesday night. Yellowstone Park can be reached from here in a night's ride on the train and the scenery there is among the grandest in all the world.

Upon my return home Thursday I found an invitation from my son-in-law to climb Timpanogos the following Saturday, which I did. From the top of that mountain, the view of Wasatch, Utah, and Salt Lake counties, the cities therein, and other sections of the country in the distance, is one of the grandest that my eyes have ever beheld.

The following Sunday night I left for the scenic wonders of southern Utah, reaching Cedar Monday morning with President Ivins and wife, Sister Grant and my niece. We visited Cedar Breaks and Zion canyon, and the next day going to the Grand Canyon, or at least to the V. T. ranch in the Kaibab forest. We saw between two hundred and three hundred deer that afternoon as we were traveling to this ranch. The next day we visited Point Sublime and saw the Colorado river and that wonderful gorge in which you could drop about one hundred Grand Canyons of the Yellowstone. It is twelve miles wide and one mile deep as compared with the gorge thirteen hundred feet deep and two thousand feet wide at the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. It is a sight that beggars all description. It is a marvel; it is a wonder! We drove that afternoon to Kanab and in the evening

held a meeting with the Saints. I rejoice in the fine meeting house that they have erected there.

The next day we visited Bryce Canyon, and I was more charmed with it than the first time I visited this, one of the scenic wonders of the world. The next morning, Friday, September 11, I parted with Brother Ivins; he returned to Salt Lake by way of Fish Lake, and I returned to Cedar City via Cedar Breaks and was present in the afternoon at the opening of the bridge over Ash Creek, which connects with the Black Ridge. I had the privilege of traveling over the road fifty-nine years ago, when the wagon in which I was riding jumped from one black rock to another, seldom finding any ground to light upon. On that old route which was selected by the pioneers who first went into St. George there is now, over the Black Ridge, one of the finest dirt roads that I have ever had the privilege of motoring over. It is a real delight to travel upon it. The bridge over Ash Creek is certainly a very creditable structure indeed.

In my travels [in Europe] from Scandinavia on the north to Italy, on the south, and from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south, in Hawaii and in Japan, I have witnessed many wonderful scenes; but if they were rolled in together they do not compare with the Yellowstone and these wonderful sights in southern Utah—Bryce Canyon, Cedar Breaks, Zion Canyon and the scenic points from the north rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

The Great Mission of the Latter-day Saints

Saturday and Sunday following the opening of the bridge over Ash Creek I attended the Parowan stake conference and enjoyed visiting there with the Saints and taking part in one of the conferences.

I rejoice in the wonderful growth in all the stakes of Zion from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south, and in the increase of interest and faith on the part of the Saints throughout the world. I rejoice that there is a cry for more missionaries, from all parts of the world. The one great mission of the Latter-day Saints at home and abroad is to preach the gospel of the Lord J^esus Christ, to preach the individuality and personality of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ, to preach the restoration again to the earth of the plan of life and salvation. There is nothing that qualifies a man so much for preaching the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ as to study the revelations that the Lord has seen fit to give to us in our day. In one of them he says:

"For verily the voice of the Lord is unto all men, and there is none to escape; and there is no eye that shall not see, neither ear that shall not hear, neither heart that shall not be penetrated. * * *

"Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall all be fulfilled. * * *

"What I the Lord have spoken, I have spoken, and I excuse not myself; and though the heavens and earth pass away, my word will not pass away, but shall all be fulfilled, whether by mine own voice or by the voice of my servants, it is the same. * * *

"Therefore, O ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength; that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day. * * *

"And now, verily, verily, I say unto thee, put your trust in that Spirit which leadeth to do good—yea to do justly, to walk humbly, to judge righteously; and this is my Spirit.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, I will impart unto you of my Spirit, which shall enlighten your mind, which shall fill your soul with joy. * * *

"Seek not for riches but for wisdom; and, behold, the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto you, and then shall you be made rich. Behold, he that hath eternal life is rich. * * *

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, even as you desire of me so it shall be done unto you; and if you desire, you shall be the means of doing much good in this generation. *

"Behold, I speak unto all who have good desires, and have thrust in their sickle to reap. * * *

"Behold, I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I am the life and the light of the world. * * *

"Say nothing but repentance unto this generation. Keep my commandments, and assist to bring forth my work, according to my commandments, and you shall be blessed."

A Central Thought Applying to Us

This last revelation from which I have read was given to Hyrum Smith, the brother of the Prophet Joseph. He was martyred with Joseph Smith, as you all know, in Carthage jail.

I wish to emphasize one passage in this revelation:

"Behold, I speak unto all who have good desires, and have thrust in their sickle to reap."

So that it applies to you, to me and to all the Latter-day Saints. The central thought in this revelation is that we are to keep the commandments of God. It is reiterated in this one revelation some three or four or five times, that the duty was upon Hyrum Smith to keep the commandments of God and to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The previous revelation from which I quoted was given to the father of the prophet. I will repeat the words of that part of it, as I did before, and I wish to emphasize it with all my heart:

"Behold, a marvelous work is about to come forth among the children of men." (As I look at this marvelous audience and think of the people on the outside, who are hearing what I say, as well as the audiences in Barrett Hall and the Assembly Hall, surely I can say that this revelation, given to the father of the prophet and the patriarch, has been literally fulfilled.)

"Therefore, O ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day."

Worth of Souls Great in the Sight of God

I am well aware of the fact that it is tiresome to any audience to listen to a speaker when most of his time is occupied in reading; but when I contemplate the fact that my words uttered here today will be published in *The Deseret News*, which goes into the homes of the

Latter-day Saints from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south; when I realize that what I am saying here is to be published in a conference pamphlet, copies of which will be sent to the missionaries all over the world, then I am far more anxious to have the words of the Lord and the Savior of the world published in this address than to make remarks myself. I desire therefore to read what the Savior said:

"Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of God;

"For, behold, the Lord, your Redeemer, suffered death in the flesh; wherefore he suffered the pain of all men, that all men might repent and come unto him.

"And he hath risen again from the dead, that he might bring all men unto him, on conditions of repentance.

"And how great is his joy in the soul that repenteth!

"Wherefore, you are called to cry repentance unto this people.

"And if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father!

"And now, if your joy shall be great with one soul that you have brought unto me into the kingdom of my Father, how great will be your joy if you should bring many souls unto me!

"Behold, you have my gospel before you, and my rock, and my salvation.

"Ask the Father in my name, in faith believing, that you shall receive, and you shall have the Holy Ghost, which manifesteth all things which are expedient unto the children of men.

"And if you have not faith, hope, and charity, you can do nothing."

This quotation is from the 18th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants.

Testimonies of Returned Missionaries

It fell to my lot two weeks ago today to sit upon the stand in the Assembly Hall and listen to the testimonies of five young men who had just returned from missions, and then listen to the testimony of James H. Moyle, the father of one of those young men. My heart was thrilled with the testimony they bore, and their undoubting knowledge that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, the Redeemer of the world, the Savior of mankind, that Joseph Smith is a prophet of the true and living God, and that the gospel, commonly called "Mormonism" by the world, is in very deed the plan of life and salvation again restored to the earth.

A Testimony of the Divinity of this Work

I rejoice in the absolute knowledge which I possess, of the truth as contained in section 76 of the Doctrine and Covenants, which is known among us as "The Vision." I have been thrilled with the testimony there borne by the Prophet Joseph Smith, as I have repeated it time and time again; and if it were repeated every day of my life, as I supplicate God from day to day, it would do me no harm:

"This is the gospel, the glad tidings, which the voice out of the heavens bore record unto us—

"That he came into the world, even Jesus, to be crucified for the world, and to bear the sins of the world, and to sanctify the world, and to cleanse it from all unrighteousness;

"That through him all might be saved whom the Father had put into his power and made by him;

"Who glorifies the Father, and saves all the works of his hands, except those sons of perdition who deny the Son after the Father has revealed him." [Thank God they are few and far between.]

"And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives!

"For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father.

"That by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God."

When preaching to those not of our faith, in different parts of the world, I read, whenever I have the opportunity, the articles promulgated by Joseph Smith known as the 13 Articles of Faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I rejoice in reading them and in testifying to those who know not the truth that in very deed those articles have been vindicated; that we believe in God the Eternal Father, and in his Son Jesus Christ, and I testify to the world that we know that they live, because they appeared to Joseph; that we believe men must be called of God, and we know that they have been called of God in our day, because the apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ ordained Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. We believe that men should receive the Holy Ghost, and we testify to all the world that they have received it in this Church. I rejoice that all the gifts and graces, that were enjoyed in ancient days—the speaking in tongues, the interpretation of tongues, the healing of the sick, and kindred gifts as enumerated in the Articles of Faith, are enjoyed by the Latter-day Saints all over the world, wherever this gospel has gone. I rejoice in the wonderful faith and knowledge of the Latter-day Saints regarding the divinity of this work. I am thankful beyond expression that wherever this gospel has gone, in answer to humble, faithful prayers, God has given to individuals all over the world a knowledge for themselves concerning the divinity of this work. What kind of men and women should we be, as Latter-day Saints, in view of this wonderful knowledge that we possess, that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith is a prophet of God? We should be the most honest, the most virtuous, the most charitable-minded, the best people upon the face of the earth.

That God may help us to live up to the knowledge we possess, that we may grow in the light and knowledge and testimony of the gospel, and that our lives shall be a bright and shining testimony of the divinity of this work in which we are engaged is my prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. Amen.

Missionary Calls

President Heber J. Grant made the following additional remarks at the close of his opening speech, concerning missionaries, and missionary calls decided upon:

Opening of South American Mission

One announcement I intended to make, which undoubtedly all of you have seen in the paper, is that Elders Melvin J. Ballard, Rulon S. Wells and Rey L. Pratt, have been called to go to South America and open a mission there.

Appeal for One Man from each Ward for Missions in the United States

In addition to opening a mission in South America, as the Presidency of the Church and the Apostles, we desire to make an appeal to the Latter-day Saints throughout the Church, from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south, that a special effort be made to secure in every ward, from among men of mature years and sound judgment, who have had experience in the preaching of the gospel, one missionary, and where possible more than one, who is financially able to go forth and labor in the mission fields of the United States, Canada or Mexico for at least six months, at his own expense, both going and returning.

Men of Means and Experience Wanted

Since there are a thousand wards in the Church, this would mean a thousand or more men of experience to perform this labor. We feel that men who have been prospered and blessed should be ready and willing to respond to such a call. We know that more than a thousand, more than two thousand, have been so blessed. Many of them may have come to this land without a dollar. Some may have borrowed the money to come here. The parents of some of them were perhaps assisted by what was known as the Perpetual Emigration Fund. Many of these men are now worth twenty-five thousand, fifty thousand, one hundred thousand, and some more than one hundred thousand dollars. We ask, in view of the wonderful material blessings which God has bestowed upon them, that they be ready and willing to respond to the call of the Bishops of their wards and the Presidents of their stakes to go out for six months and proclaim this gospel, and if they can stay longer, all well and good.

Many of them have gone on trips, time and again, for three and four months, for pleasure only, and spent large sums of their money. Now we want during the coming year to have the greatest of all the great missions that the Church has ever had, given to the people of the world by one or two thousand men who have been thus wonderfully blessed financially—men of experience, ability and testimony. We believe, in view of the wonderful harvests that will be of such great benefit to the people in all sections of the country where the Saints are located, that we are not asking too much when we, as the Presidency and Apostles of the Church, make this great appeal for missionary service.

The Ninety-sixth Semi-Annual Conference

Was one of the most significant in many years. The personality of God and the divinity of Jesus Christ, the fact that God is the Father of mankind; that man was created in his image and did not descend from the lower animal creation, as many at present seem to believe throughout the land; that man is a child of God, and that the Bible is the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly, were fundamental doctrines emphatically set forth. Aside from these spiritual and doctrinal subjects, temporal things were not forgotten, and co-operation in both temporal and spiritual things was emphasized by some of the speakers. The Saints were admonished to pay their debts and obligations, and to be dependable in their contracts and financial doings, and their obligations to the Lord.

President Grant introduced a proposal and decision of the First Presidency and Council of Twelve to send one thousand men of experience and judgment into the mission field for brief periods, these missionaries to supplement the great body of young men and women now in the field in the United States, the need for mature men being especially, and keenly felt. At least one from each ward of the Church was called for, and already many have responded who are able and willing to bear all their own expenses to carry the gospel of peace and good will to the people.

Announcement was made of the opening of a new mission in South America, where it is expected that an effective work will be accomplished among the people of that country. That the Church is growing in strength, both spiritually and temporally, was clearly manifest in all the expressions of the authorities, both general and local. The Saints have great reason to rejoice in the splendid harvests, not only in temporal affairs, but in the steadily advancing spiritual affairs, and in the fact that the glorious work of the Lord is going onward and upward in its triumphant march in the earth.

Thanks Be To God

Thanks be to God
For the gift of existence,
For joy and for sorrow,
(We have need of both);
A soil that is given
Perpetual sunshine
Becomes all unfit
For the blessing of growth.

Thanks be to God
For the great boon of service,
For the will to help others
To bear their life's load;

Provo, Utah.

Thanks be to God
For knowledge revealing
The Strait Gate that leads
To the One Narrow Road.

Thanks be to God!
Not a heart, howe'er wounded,
But has cause to pulsate
With some gratitude.
Thanks be to God!
Your voice lift in praises,
Though rough be the way,
And of weight be your rood.

GRACE INGLES FROST

Mutual Work

Officers' Meeting Y. M. M. I. A.

On Tuesday morning, October 6, at the Bishop's Building a large number of officers of the Y. M. M. I. A., presidents of stakes, bishops and others, met with the Superintendency and the General Board to consider some of the problems relating to Y. M. M. I. A. work.

Elder Melvin J. Ballard spoke on the immediate work to be done by the Finance and Publication Committees. He called attention to the necessity of immediate action in the canvass for the *Improvement Era*, and pointed to the splendid success of the recent M. I. A. Jubilee celebration. Thousands were profoundly impressed by the enthusiasm and number of the youth of the Church. This splendid inspiration, obtained through the Jubilee, should be maintained in all the divisions of our work, and should be an impetus to help us to obtain new subscribers and new membership. To be a part of such a great movement is a wonderful privilege, besides it will help to accelerate the growing strength of the young people of the Latter-day Saints. He urged the M. I. A. workers to rally to the standards set by the organization, and particularly, to work unceasingly to bring in those who are not now members, but who should be enrolled in the organization. Aside from urging that solicitations be made immediately for five percent of the Church population as subscribers for the *Improvement Era*, he urged an early payment of the annual fund, and announced that there were now 3,415 life members and solicited new members, so that in time the endowment fund might largely or altogether eliminate the annual fund.

The new *Bulletin on Recreation Number 5*, was treated by Elder E. E. Erickson, chairman of the Recreation work, who announced that as soon as all wards and stakes are fully organized in recreation work, we hope to have 4,000 trained supervisors leading it. He urged that high standards be set in the recreational activity of the Church, and that all such activity be educational. He urged the cooperation of all the auxiliary organizations under the presidency of the stake, and the direction of the bishops of the wards. The year-round program of entertainment should be planned by the stake committee and submitted to the stake presidency and the heads of stake auxiliary organizations. Accepted there, like programs for the ward, should then be submitted to the ward bishop and to the heads of auxiliary organizations in the ward for acceptance in the ward. These monthly meetings of stake presidents and bishops with the M. I. A. officers and heads of the auxiliary organizations are very important and must be held in order to avoid conflicts in the stakes and in the wards.

Superintendent Richard R. Lyman spoke on the great necessity of preparedness for the tasks devolving upon the officers, and that the officers in both stakes and wards should be reminded that, if prepared, they can arouse enthusiasm among the members and among those who habitually do not attend the meetings. The officers must go out and bring in the lost ones. He urged full support of the Boy Scout work. He called attention also to the opening of the season's work, the need of providing manuals for each association. A schedule of the field men's visits was also presented by him.

Superintendent George Albert Smith briefly impressed the need of the officers being prepared, and asked that the stake presidents and bishops of wards to do their best to check up the organization in their respective stakes and wards to see that they are in working order. He emphasized spiritual leadership in all M. I. A. activity work.

Band Contest Prizes Awarded

Band contest prizes at the State Fair were awarded on the 4th of October to the Salt Lake Boy Scout band who took the first amateur prize of \$100 cash and a \$75 gold loving cup donated by Boyd Park incorporated, Salt Lake City. The first semi-professional prize went to the B. Y. U. band of Provo—\$250 and a gold loving cup. The third prize went to the McCune School of Music, Clarence J. Hawkins, director, \$50 in cash and a bass drums. The fourth prize went to the Granite Boys and Girls' M. I. A. band, Arnold Bergener, director, \$25 in cash. A number of other prizes were awarded. In awarding the prizes, John Held, the spokesman for the judges, declared that Utah has more good bands in accordance with population than any other state.

Above the Clouds

Victor Lindblad, Scout Executive, Cache Valley Council B. S. A., Logan, Utah, has forwarded these pictures taken by Chris Hansen, Scoutmaster of Troop 45, Mink Creek, Idaho. The pictures were taken from Timber Mountain, in January, 1923, and are some of the most remarkable taken



Top: Fog bank covering 140 miles of territory.

Bottom: Showing the country when the fog has lifted.

in this locality. The top is of a fog-bank which covered some 140 miles of territory. The entire Cache Valley. The pictures were taken by Mr. Hansen from the top of Timber Mountain looking down from the fog-bank. The fog reached the highest level of old Lake Bonneville. By observing closely, a number of mountain tops may be seen sticking up through the fog. Picture No. 2, bottom, shows the same territory after the fog had lifted. Due to the mountainous lay of the country, it is impossible to see the cities in the valley below.

Teacher-Training

The teacher-training work for the year 1925-26 commenced on the first week in September. It is hoped that every ward in the Church will conduct these classes during the coming year. The teacher-training work for the Church, as a whole, is carried on by the General Board of Education, and the work of this Board embraces the following agencies: (1) Church Schools, (2) Seminaries, (3) Religion Classes, (4) Teacher-Training, and (5) Gymnasiums. The text book for the year 1925-26 is entitled *Notable Religious Teachers*. It may be obtained from the Deseret Book Company, 44 E. So. Temple. The course begins with a series of lessons on, "Jesus, the Ideal Teacher." Then there are such characters considered, as Enoch, Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Solomon, Isaiah, Paul, St. Benedict, Luther, Joseph Smith, and Brigham Young. Attention in each case is to be given to the man, his message and his method, with a view always to discover how his experience can best contribute to the success of the teacher of today. The Church Department of Education, Adam S. Bennion, Superintendent, stands ready to do all in its power to help carry forward this work, and suggestions and inquiries are welcome at any time.

Outing at Granddaddy Lakes District

Harold H. Jenson gives this report: "Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight, make me a child again just for tonight." Thus goes a famous verse, and if one would give it literal application he should go on a Fathers



and Sons' Outing. The writer was somewhat skeptical of these outings, thinking that youth does not want age; but after going on this trip to Granddaddy Lakes, with Boy Scout Troop 39 of the 27th ward, which was

in reality a Fathers and Sons' Outing, he is convinced of their worth. Too many fathers fail to understand their sons. In other words, they forget once they were boys. Hence, in turning time backwards and being one with their sons, they gain a knowledge and understanding that can be gained in no other way. Twenty-three boy scouts and five fathers with their sons made the recent trip to Daynes Lake, officially named in honor of J. Fred Daynes, president of the 27th ward Y. M. M. I. A., who financed a week's trip in the mountains. Other fathers who had sons with them were Walter Wright, counselor to Mr. Daynes; Hugh Holdaway, scoutmaster of the 27th ward; George Snow Gibbs, and the writer.

"The week passed too quickly for all, and at the ending when man and boy hiked or rode eighteen miles back to civilization, they understood one another better than ever before, for they had become 'pals'."

South Sanpete "M" Men Active

Since the "M" Men movement was installed, this department has been a decided success in this stake. Last spring a "Round up" was held as a finishing up activity for the winter and spring season. A general meeting



SOUTH SANPETE "M" MEN

was held in which the public was invited to attend, a program was given by the "M" Men. Also an athletic program was conducted, Manti North ward winning the basket ball championship. A banquet is always something to look forward to, and these boys surely put over a very fine one, Kimball Meller was toastmaster, he is shown in the picture at the right standing on the porch; he kept all in a jolly spirit with a well planned program. Spencer Moffitt, of Manti, and Bishop P. D. Jensen of Ephraim, were the speakers, and gave very inspiring talks. The stake presidency, bishops, M. I. A. officers and senior class teachers were invited guests, all pronounced the boys real entertainers. In the evening following the banquet a grand ball was given, and all had a wonderful time. Much credit is due the president of the "M" Men, brother Kenneth Anderson, he is the first man on the left, front row. Working with brother Anderson, as his board members of the "M" Men, are Kimball Meller, Eugene Tuttle, Myron, Masdon, Carl Nielson, Clinton Mickleson; stake senior supervisor F. M. Alder has done much for our stake in department working for the boys at all times.—C. G. Braithwaite, Supt. Y. M. M. I. A.

Passing Events

Mrs. Mary Margaret Cherry Brandon, a pioneer of 1847, died in Centerville, October 3, 1925. Her husband died at Centerville in 1916.

Trotsky predicts revolution in the United States in the near future. This is said to be the contents of a book, which reached London about the first of October.

A statue of Kemal Pasha is to be erected at Constantinople. This is the first to be placed there since the city fell into the hands of the Mohammedans in 1453.

Robert M. La Follette, Jr., was elected a member of the U. S. Senate, September 29, 1925, with overwhelming majority. He is said to be the youngest man ever elected to that position.

Germany is to enter the League of Nations, according to a dispatch from Lacarno, dated October 11, on the understanding that article XVI of the pact be modified in accordance with German views.

Chinese troops fired 200 shots at an American vessel in the Yangtze river, September 29, according to a Shanghai dispatch. The American gunboat Palos was ordered to the scene as a convoy to the attacked vessel. Chungking, the place near which the attack was made, is a treaty port, 1,400 miles from Shanghai.

Bishop Wm. Montgomery Brown partook of the sacrament, October 11, in the church he repudiates and in memory of the Savior, whose divinity he denies. The indignation among his colleagues at this action was general. Some called it sacrilege. The bishop was unfrocked for heresy, at New Orleans, by the Presiding Bishop Talbot.

The airship Los Angeles is useless, according to the declaration of army officers. Its covering fabric is rotten and its girders and keel are corroded. It will cost \$3,500,000 to repair it. The Los Angeles is the Zeppelin No. 3, which crossed the Atlantic about a year ago, when new, having been built in Germany for the United States air service.

The German government will meet the allies, to discuss a security pact, on condition that the right of Germany to strive for a revision of the peace treaties be recognized, according to a decision arrived at by the cabinet, September 24. The entrance of Germany into the League of Nations is regarded as a logical sequence of such a security pact.

Secretary of War Weeks placed his resignation from the cabinet in the hands of President Coolidge, October 12, 1925. Mr. Dwight F. Davis, the assistant secretary, has been acting secretary of war since Mr. Weeks, last March, was stricken with the illness, that incapacitated him for the work required. Assistant Secretary Davis was appointed to succeed Secretary Weeks.

A sharp earthquake was felt in Oakland, California, September 30, at 7:20 a. m. It paralyzed the telephone service for ten minutes. The people rushed out of their houses and filled the streets. The shock was also felt at Berkeley and other near-by cities. A shock was felt at Helena, Montana, at 2:30 a. m. the same day. It was violent enough to loosen the snow on many roofs and start diminutive snowslides.

A speed of 302.3 miles an hour was the record of Lieutenant Alford Williams, U. S. N., September 18, in a new Curtiss aeroplane. The speed attained, although unofficial, breaks the world's speed record set by a French

aviator, Adjutant Florentin Bonnet, of 278 miles an hour. "I am sure that should I dive the plane 9000 feet, as I did in 1923," Lieutenant Williams said after today's flight, "I could attain a speed of 350 miles per hour."

The war debt of France to the United States was the subject of discussion by the commissioners of the two countries, who met at Washington, D. C., September 24, 1925, for that purpose. On October 1, it was evident that the commissioners could not reach an agreement satisfactory to both sides, but a temporary arrangement was made, provided the French parliament accepts it, for France to pay \$40,000,000 annually for five years, and in the meantime resume negotiations for a permanent settlement.

A disarmament conference will be convened under the auspices of the League of Nations, as soon as the Council of the League is convinced that security has been achieved. That was the agreement reached by leading delegates to the assembly at Geneva, including the delegates of Great Britain and France, September 21, 1925. A commission is to be formed for the purpose of studying the reduction and limitation of armaments, and on this commission, all countries interested in disarmament may be represented.

A new steel process is said to yield steel forty per cent lighter than ordinary steel, and that 30 per cent can be saved in costs by using it for construction purposes. The steel was invented by a Swiss named Mosshard.

A world-wide shakeup is predicted by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. On the 17th of September, 1925, he announced that he had for some time been warned by the spirits of a coming disaster that might last for three years, from 1925 to 1928, because of the wickedness of the children of men.

An Italian princess, Mafalda, was married, September 23, to a German prince, Philip of Hesse, at Raconidi, Italy. The bride is a daughter of the king and queen of Italy. The bridegroom is a nephew of the ex-emperor of Germany and a second cousin of King George V. Members of nine royal houses attended the wedding, and two, England and Spain, sent representatives. The bride is a Roman Catholic and the bridegroom a Protestant, but the pope had given his consent to the union, on condition that the children, if any, should be Catholics. The newlyweds went to Germany for their honeymoon.

Mrs. Johanna Herling Christenson, Gunnison, Sanpete Co., Utah, answered the final call, October 8, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Nephi Gledhill, 85 years of age. She was a native of Sweden, and came to this country in 1862. The following year she was married to John Christenson of American Fork. Surviving are the following sons and daughters: Bishop Joseph Christenson, recorder in the Salt Lake temple; Miss Emma Christenson, Mrs. Hannah Lundberg and Hyrum A. Christenson, all of Salt Lake City, and Mrs. Anna Gledhill of Gunnison. Eighteen grandchildren and five great-grandchildren also survive.

Future disarmament and economic conferences will be held under the auspices of the League of Nations, according to resolutions adopted by the Assembly at Geneva, September 22, 1925. The Council is authorized to make the preliminary studies necessary, and, as soon as general security is obtained, a conference will be convened for the purpose of effecting limitation and disarmament. The British delegates pointed out that arbitration, security, and disarmament was the road to peace, thereby accepting in principle the discarded Geneva protocol. The Assembly adjourned September 27, having decided to erect a new Assembly Hall.

Alien communists are to be deported from the United States according to an announcement by Secretary of Labor Davis, September 20, 1925. The law, the Secretary says, is unequivocal on this subject. "There is no place in America for any one who believes in force or violence or the destruction of property as agencies for the overthrow or changing of forms of organized

human society. Whether arriving with or without passports or other documents, a member of any communist organization would have to be excluded under the law." Secretary Davis designated a communist as a member of the communist internationale or of one of its affiliated bodies.

Dr. Charles Hardy Carroll passed away, September 30, at his home in Provo, Utah, after two weeks' illness caused by septi-cemia. He was a well known physician, surgeon, and medical director of the Brigham Young University. Dr. Carroll was born at Orderville, Utah, November 6, 1880, the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Carroll. In 1901, he married Miss Elsie Chamberlain, who has written many stories for the Era and who accompanied him to Ithaca, N. Y., where he entered Cornell university and was given an assistant professorship. In 1914, Dr. Carroll entered the Rush Medical college, from which institution he was graduated with an M. D. degree. After spending one year of intern work he came to Provo in 1920, and engaged in the practice of medicine.

The Utah State Fair was open from the first to the seventh of October, 1925. It was undoubtedly the most successful Fair ever held in Utah. The attendance, about 125,000 people, including free admission passes, was the largest ever. The number of exhibitors exceeded any heretofore, and the quality of the exhibits set a new mark in Utah fairs. The general opinion expressed by all who visited the grounds was that it was the biggest, the best and most interesting that Utah has ever held and was a success from all standpoints. The labor put upon the displays was prodigious. The paid admissions for the first six days of the Fair totalled \$65,000. The best educational booth was won by the State Industrial School, E. J. Milne superintendent. The agricultural, art, educational, and animal industry interests were extremely interesting and the display all that could be expected.

Homer P. Christensen, born in American Fork, May 3, 1886, the basket ball and track coach at the West High, died in Salt Lake City, October 13, 1925. He had devoted practically his entire life since completing his schooling to the physical development of youth, being associated with various high schools. He had inspired many young people to a better and cleaner life by his high ideals and words of wisdom. He made many friends. His college days were spent at the Brigham Young University at Provo and he was an athlete of more than ordinary prowess. Last year he was made the State Arbiter of basket ball by the colleges of Utah. His passing is a distinct loss to the state. He leaves, besides his widow, the following brothers and sisters: Bernard Christensen of American Fork, John S. Christensen of Cedar City, Mrs. Edith C. Anderson, Mrs. Mabel E. W. Reese and Mrs. R. Kendall Thomas of Salt Lake.

Massacre of Druses by the hundreds was reported on the 18th of September, 1925, as an incident of the war operations in Syria. Ignorant of the barbed-wire, the Druses charged the handful of Frenchmen. The tribesmen and horses were soon tangled in the triple stranded wire, whereupon the French machine guns opened up a cross fire, causing a revolting, hellish scene of carnage, the men, horses and blood mingling amidst the stones and barbed-wire. Undeterred, the savages withdrew, circled and charged the garrison from another front, where the same slaughter was repeated. From 4 until 10 o'clock the Druses charged, a horse and a foot, each time retrieving dead and wounded. At 10 o'clock the thermometer was 100 degrees, and the French gunners were dripping with sweat and blood and caked with dust. The last volley saw the remnants of the Druses riding off. There were practically no French dead.

Funeral services for Mrs. Louise Elizabeth Lusty Penrose, widow of the late President Charles W. Penrose, who died Saturday, October 3, were held in the Twenty-first ward chapel, October 7, under the direction of the

Eleventh ward bishopric in the presence of numerous friends and relatives. The services began with an organ prelude by Professor Tracy Y. Cannon. The song, "The End of a Perfect Day," was rendered by a male quartet. The opening prayer was then offered by Lorenzo N. Stohl, and the solo, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," was sung by Charles R. Pike. President Charles W. Nibley told of her long life of faithful service to her family and Church. Other speakers were President John M. Knight, of the Western states mission, John Cameron, and D. H. Livingston. Henry Wallace pronounced the benediction. The grave in the city cemetery was dedicated by Bishop C. Clarence Neslen. The pallbearers were six grandsons of Mrs. Penrose. Mrs. Penrose was a native of Cheltenham, England, where she was born June 20, 1843. It was there that she met President Penrose, who was laboring as a missionary for his church, and heard him preach. She joined the Church there and emigrated to this country at 19 years of age. Mrs. Penrose was the only member of her family to come to Utah at that time.

The Presidency of the General Primary Association was reorganized on Tuesday, October 6, 1925. Mrs. Louie B. Felt, the first and only president of the Association, was released at her own request with a vote of thanks; and Miss May Anderson, first counselor to Mrs. Felt, was sustained as the new president. She chose as her counselors, Mrs. Sadie G. Pack and Mrs. Isabel S. Ross of Ogden, both members of the General Board. Mrs. Felt has been in the service of the Primary forty-seven years, and with her was released Mrs. Clare W. Beebe, second counselor, with a vote of thanks. Miss Anderson announces that she will continue the policy and methods of extensive service introduced by Mrs. Felt. Miss Anderson has been with the organization from October 5, 1890, and is now the oldest member of the General Board. She is the first and only editor of the *Children's Friend*, published since 1902, and the originator of the plan of taking care of crippled and sick children, which led to the establishment of the Children's Convalescent Hospital at North Temple street. Mrs. Pack and Mrs. Ross have been active workers in the organization for many years. Mrs. Beebe who continues with the Board has been a member since May, 1904, and was selected second counselor December 29, 1905. She has rendered splendid work in connection with the Civic Center Milk Fund, and welfare work in prominent societies for children. The General Board of Primary was organized June 19, 1880, at which time Mrs. Felt became president. She had labored two years prior to that time as president of the Eleventh ward Primary Association, Salt Lake City.

Cast Thine Eyes

In walking o'er life's troubled sea,
O look not at each wave,
But cast on Him a steadfast gaze
Whose power alone can save.

Had Peter gazed upon the Lord
Instead of on the sea,
The Omnipotence of His word
Had borne him gloriously.

O, heavenly Father, grant us faith,
That we may walk full brave,
And by the power of thy great love
Surmount each threatening wave.

Oakland, California

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Speaking of Tobacco

Slogan of the M. I. A.: "We stand for the non-use and non-sale of Tobacco."

A wonderful work is being done in the United States by the No-Tobacco League of America, 415 Occidental Building, Indianapolis, Indiana. A pamphlet has recently been issued entitled, *Tobacco a Three-fold Study*. As it appears of:

1. Tobacco in the human body.
2. Tobacco in the human mind.
3. Economic aspects.

The book is written by Irving Fisher, a teacher of Yale University for more than a third of a century, and is worthy of a careful consideration. Professor Fisher's careful and conservative presentation of the evidences leads to the conclusion: "Tobacco, like patent medicine and gold bricks, takes away our money, but gives us in return little or nothing except illusion and distress, as well as the curtailment of our power to enjoy life and health and to do our best work in the world." The pamphlets are sold for ten cents per copy or one dollar per dozen.

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CONTENTS

Cathedral in Buenos Ayres.....		Frontispiece
Sunrise on the Painted Desert. A Poem.....	Joseph Longking Townsend.....	1
The Utah Pioneers had a Definite Purpose.....	Prest. Anthony W. Ivins.....	3
Hope.....	J. E. Hickman.....	8
The Great Northwest.....	Orson F. Whitney.....	9
The Friend I Want. A Poem.....	A. Henderson.....	17
Tendencies in Representative Government.....	Hon. Ambrose Rice.....	18
The Pathway. A Poem.....	Robert Flake Clayton.....	28
Celeste's Acre. A Story.....	Agnes Just Reid.....	30
She Was Beautiful and More. A Poem.....	Ida R. Alldridge.....	32
Religious Value of the National Summer School.....	Asa J. Merrill.....	33
Little Things. A Poem.....	Ezra J. Poulsen.....	35
Emery's Turkey Shop. A Story.....	Ruth Moench Bell.....	36
God Bless the Parents. A Poem.....	Annie G. Lauritzen.....	49
The Bright Things of Life.....	Alice Morrill.....	50
Tobacco and "Red Hot" Reformers.....	Will H. Brown.....	51
Bits of Philosophy.....	Nephi Jensen.....	51
The Home—IV-VI.....		52
A Veteran of the Black Hawk War.....	H. R. Merrill.....	58
I Am the Helmsman. A Poem.....	Helen Kimball Orgill.....	60
Joseph Smith and the Great West—IV.....	I. K. Russell.....	61
Armistice Hymn.....		66
Beautifying Manti Temple Grounds. Illustrated.....	P. V. Cardon.....	67
Messages from the Missions. Illustrated.....		69
"Twelve of the Original Twenty-Nine".....		73
Editors' Table—Missionary Work and Missionary Calls.....	Prest. Heber J. Grant.....	74
The Ninety-Sixth Semi-Annual Conference.....		83
Thanks be to God. A Poem.....	Grace Ingles Frost.....	83
Mutual Work. Illustrated.....		84
Passing Events.....		88

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We accept only the highest class of advertising. We recommend to our readers the firms and goods found in our advertising pages.

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Humorous Hints

(Contributions for this page of the *Era* solicited.)

Seven days without food makes one weak.—*Glen Perrins.*

* * *

"What's the idea of stretching your arm?"

"I'm going to the city and I am developing a boarding house reach."

* * *

Recently a husband and wife had a disagreement in which unusually strong words were passed from both sides. Later, the wife, standing by the window of the home, saw a team of two horses pulling up hill that "made the ruffle" in fine shape, and the wife said to the husband:

"How beautifully that team pulls."

"Yes, my dear, but there is only one tongue between them."

YOUNG MEN

who are particular in their desires for something DIFFERENT—something entirely NEW in the latest Knitted "SWEATER-JACKETTS" \$7.50 to \$12.00—Fancy striped "Collegiate Sox"—65c a pair—or "Military stripe neck-ties" \$1.00 each—if you want to be the "FIRST" with the newest "Knitted things" write us for further particulars—Mention just what interests you most. WE GUARANTEE to satisfy you.

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Too much of the world is run on the theory that you don't need road manners if you are a five-ton truck.—*Medford Mail Tribune.*

* * *

The wonder is that any one ever thought of the phrase, "the quick and the dead," before the age of automobiles.—*Detroit News.*

* * *

An authority says long life may be attained through auto suggestion. The suggestion is not to get into the way of one.—*Detroit News.*

* * *

If your head bumps the top every three seconds you are on the right detour.—*Palatka (Fla.) News.*

* * *

The human mind is said to emit radio waves, but like most of the other stations, the biggest part of the program is jazz.—*Life.*

* * *

The Treasury Department is trying to find paper money that lasts longer. Sometimes the Treasury Department seems almost human.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*



Call your nearest Kelley Dealer for our Big Sunday Special 50c—or our 30c or 50c Weekday Special

The old-fashioned divided skirt is now called balloon-trousers.—*Detroit News.*

* * *

If the woman who prides herself in making good biscuits is honest, she will admit that her husband furnished the dough.—*D. C. R.*

* * *

Citizenship could easily be taught at home if anyone was ever found at home to be taught.—*D. C. R.*

* * *

Strange things are seen everywhere—from three to five children riding in a flivver and only one dog in a limousine.—*D. C. R.*

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THE DESERET NEWS, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

A man said he was the bank teller—he told the customers which way to go.

* * *

Family Arithmetic—"Hey, Smith, your wife says you are two."

Mistaken are you and she, Sir. We are ten, I'll prove to you. She's the one and I'm the cypher."—*D. C. Retsloff.*

* * *

A merchant who had advertised for a boy smiled at a red-haired, red-faced youth who applied for a job.

"Do you like work?" he asked.

"No, sir," said the boy.

"Then you can have the job!" replied the merchant. "You're the first boy who's been here today who hasn't told a lie."



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A gentleman farmer is one who tips the scarecrow's hat when the ladies pass.—*Glen Perrins.*

* * *

Doubtful Honor—A negro preacher down near San Pedro owns a mule with a highly efficient pair of heels and a loud but not musical voice. One Sunday morning, while the preacher was delivering the sermon, the mule persisted in putting his head through the window and, braying loudly.

The preacher finally said: "Brethren and sistren, is dar one among you all who knows how to keep date mule quiet?"

"Parson," replied a man, "if you will jes' tie a stone to dat mule's tail he sho will keep quiet."

"Brethren an' sistren," said the preacher, "let him who is widdout sin, tie de furst stone."

THERE IS NO TOP

No man or woman ever reaches his limits of progress, though many stagnate for want of effort. Are you in a rut? Are you standing by while the world moves forward. Wake yourself. Get into day school or evening school and do some regular study. Make ready for opportunity.

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